

\$2.95

ADULTS ONLY



Murphy

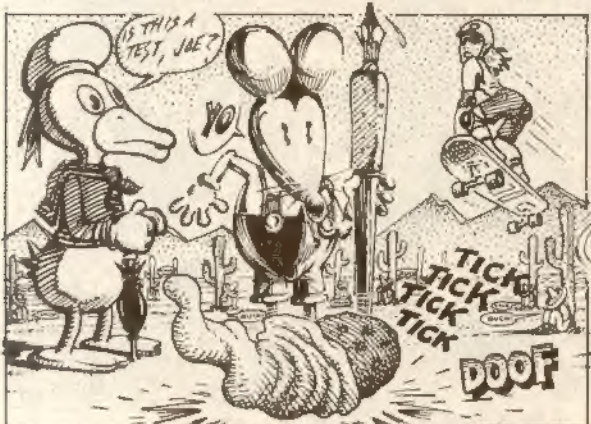


WARNING!

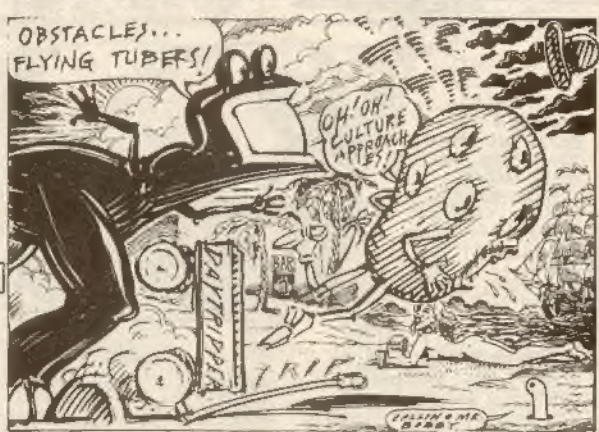
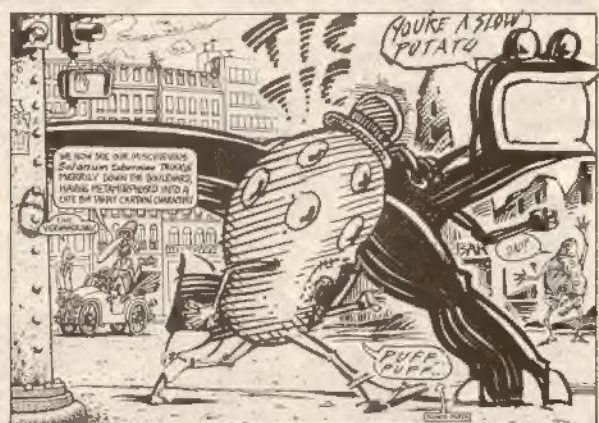
THE LAST LUNCH

IS POLITICALLY APPROPRIATE

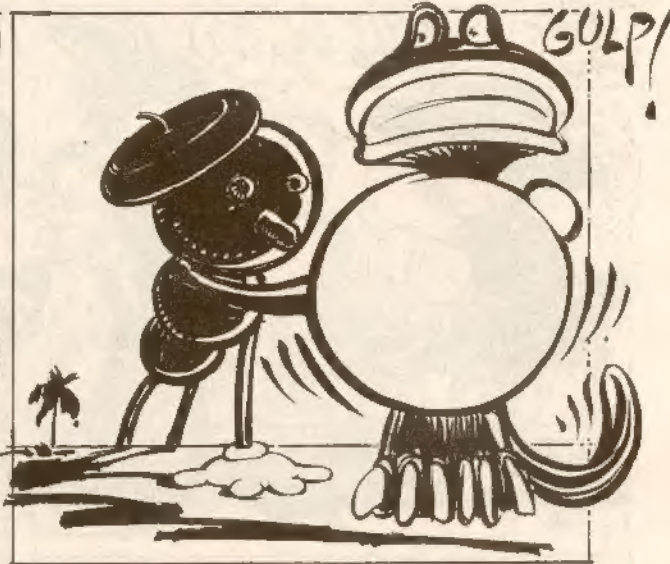
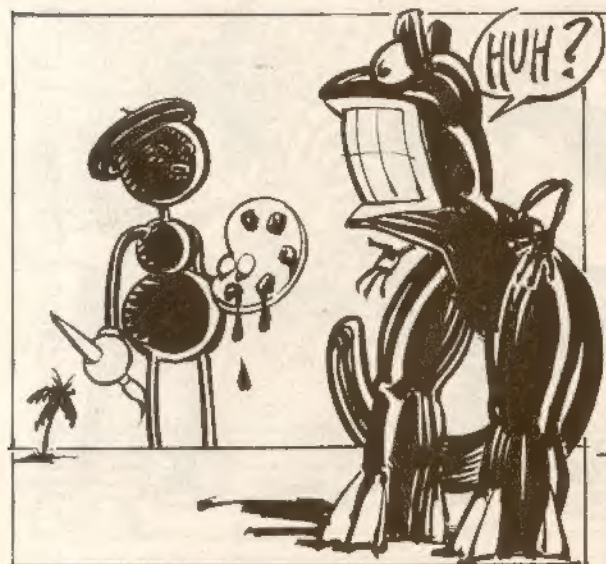
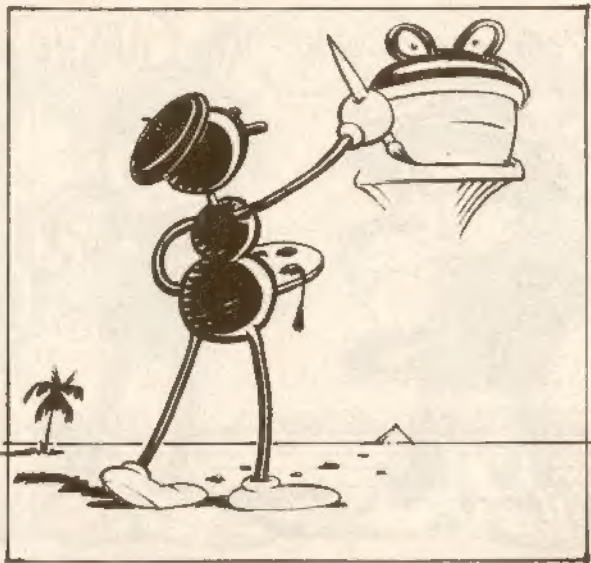
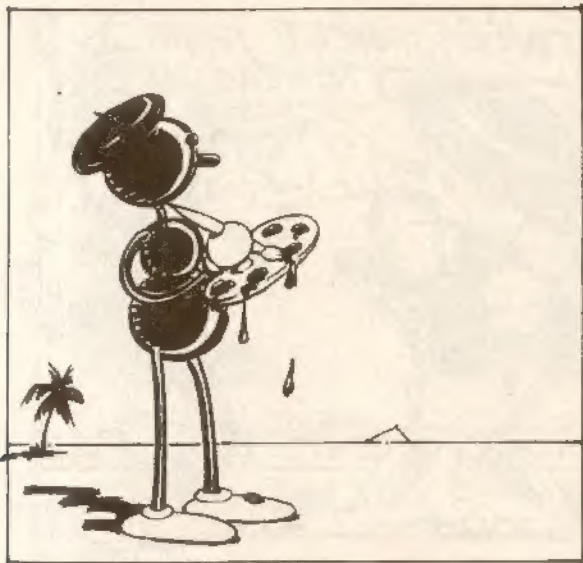
BY WHITE IMPUDENT MALE PORNOGRAPHERS



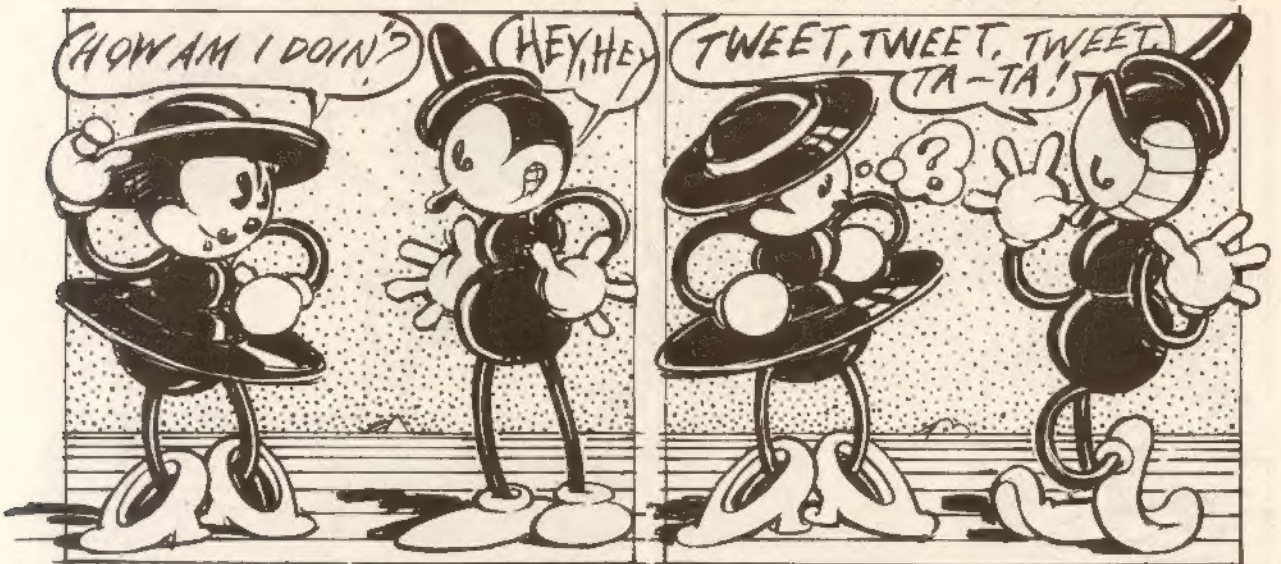
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF RICK GRIFFIN - SURFS UP!

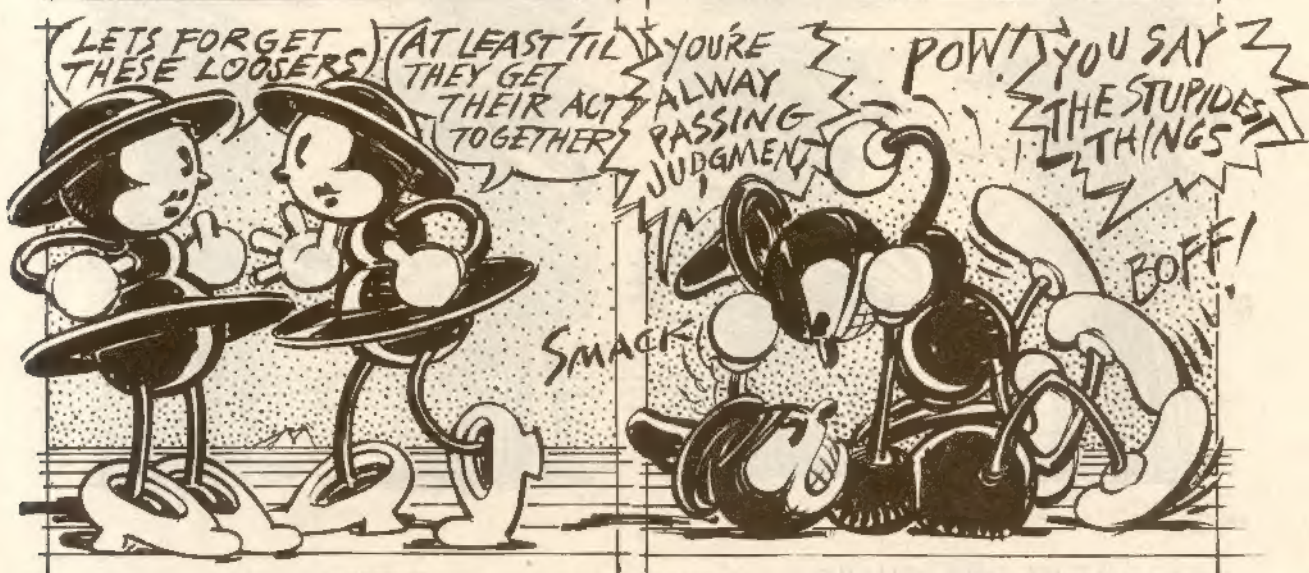
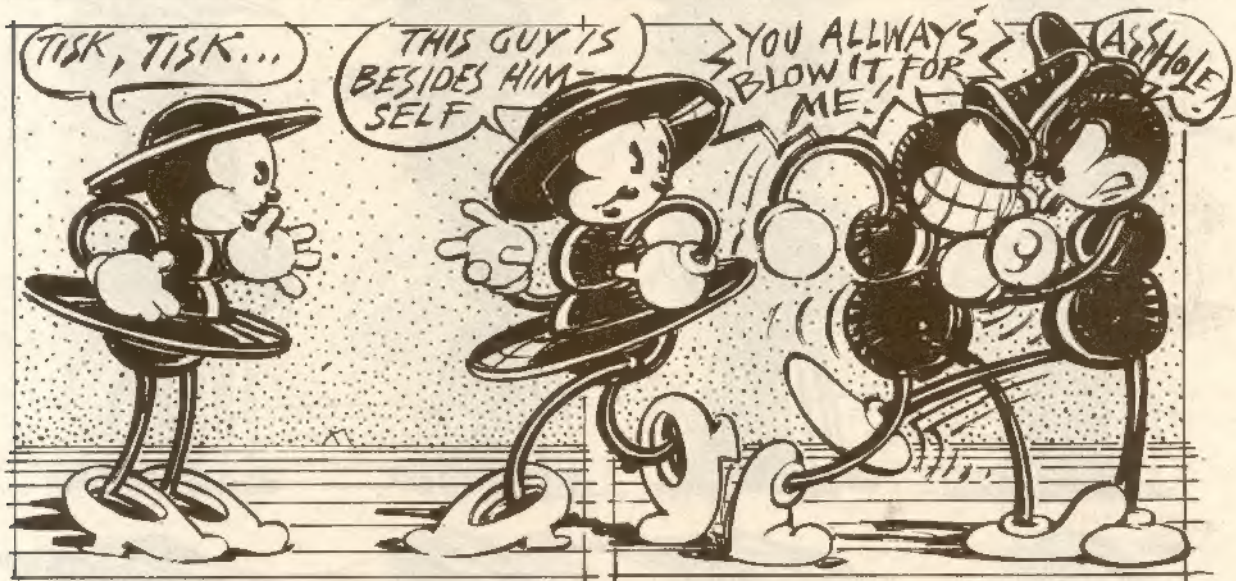
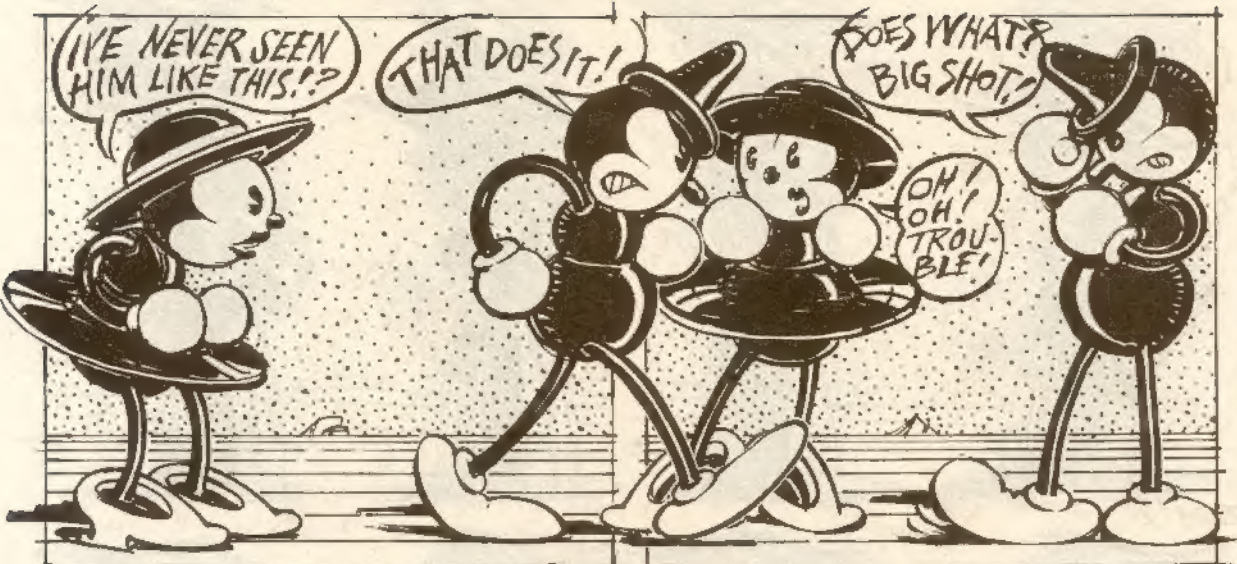


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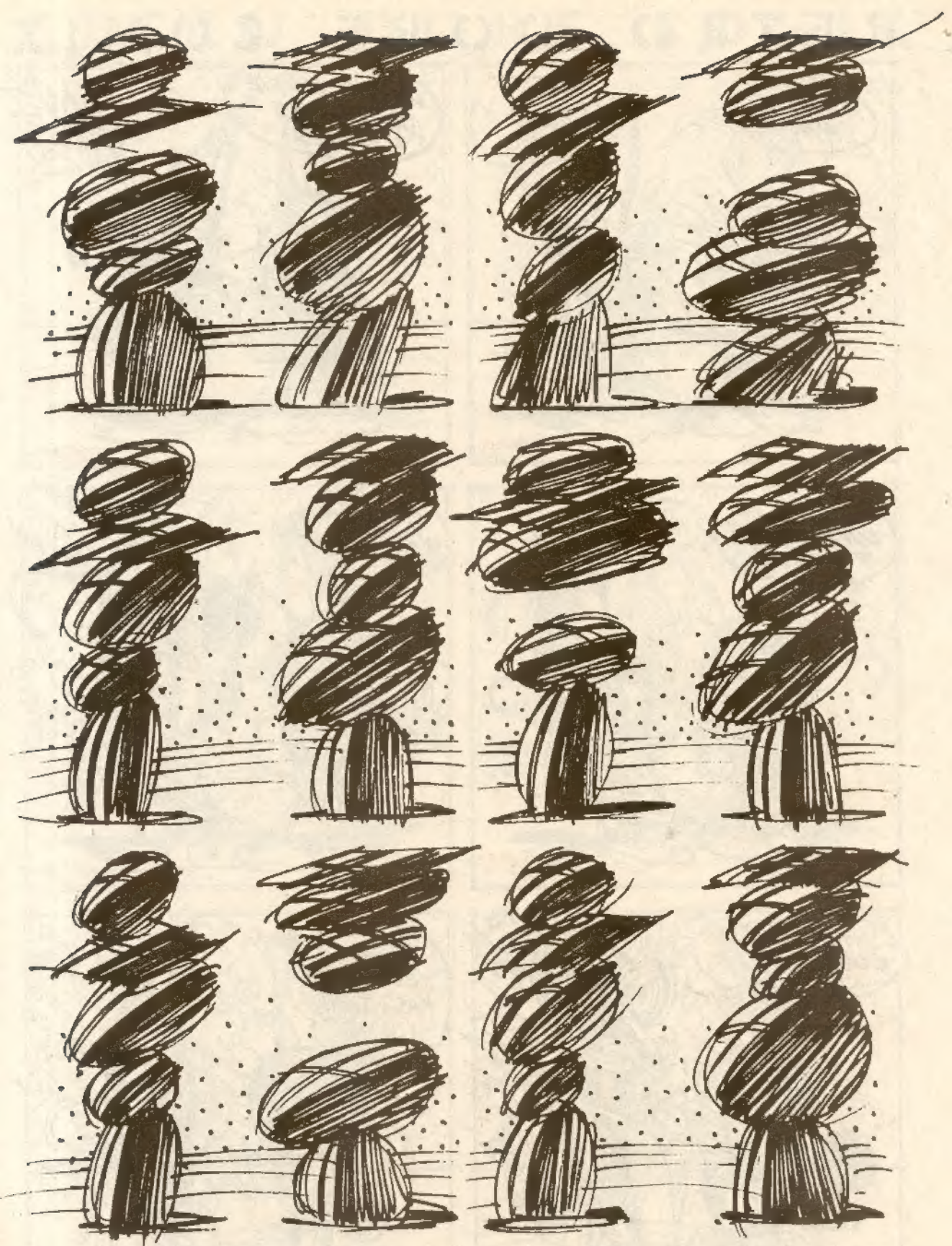


SCHIZOPHRENIC PHUNNIES

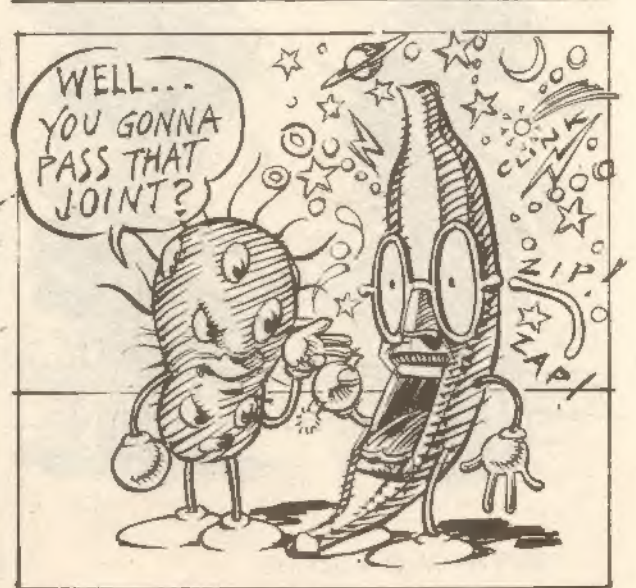
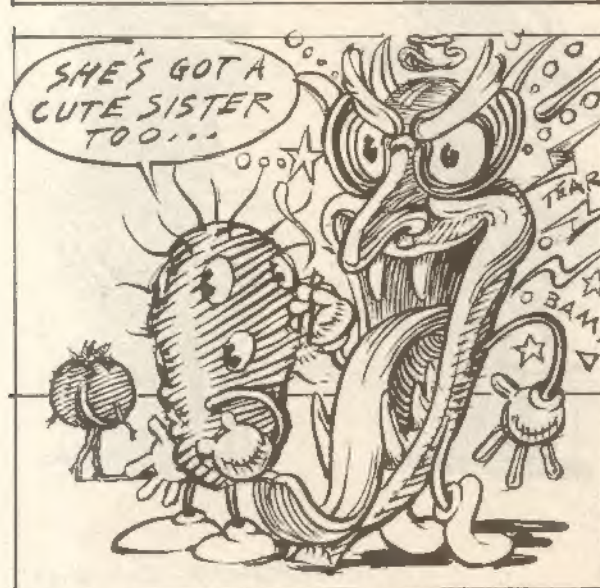
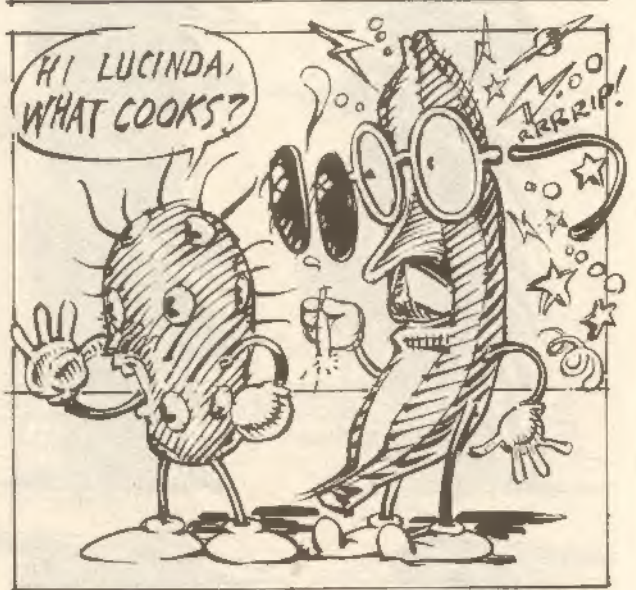
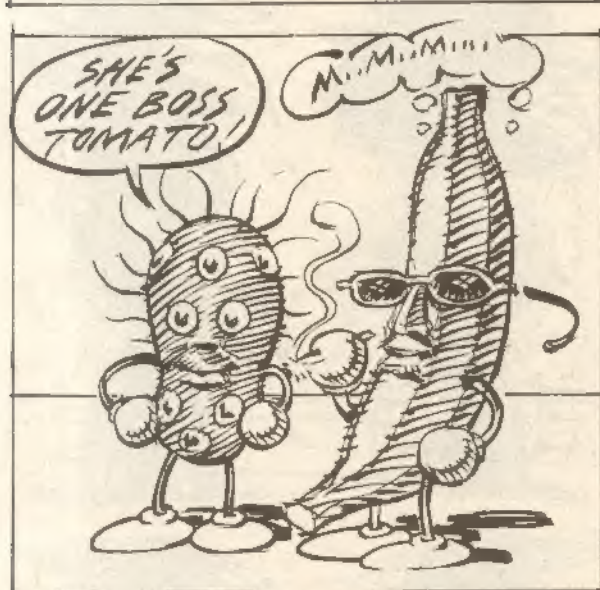
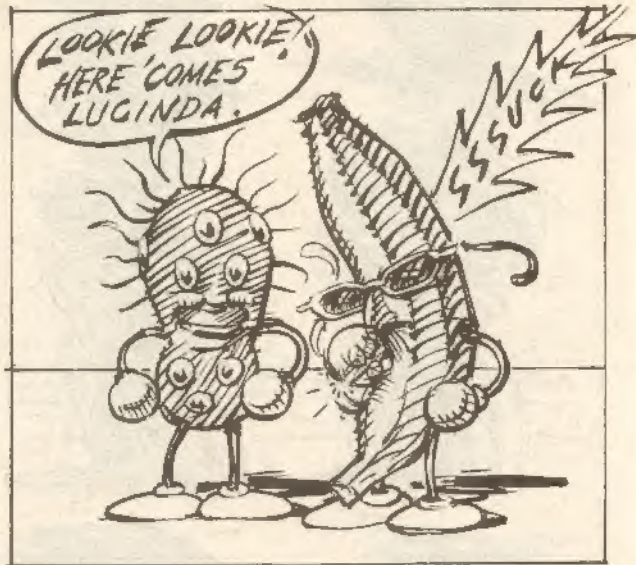
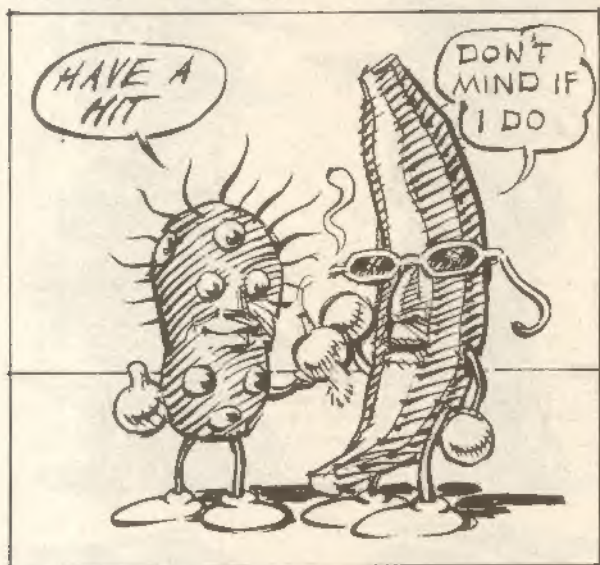




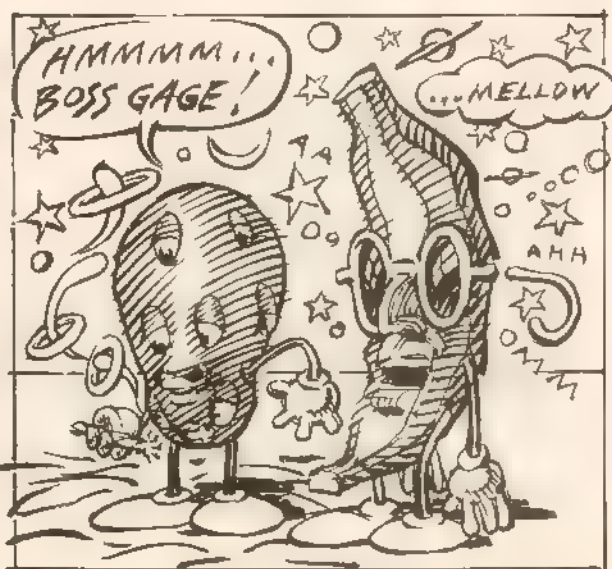
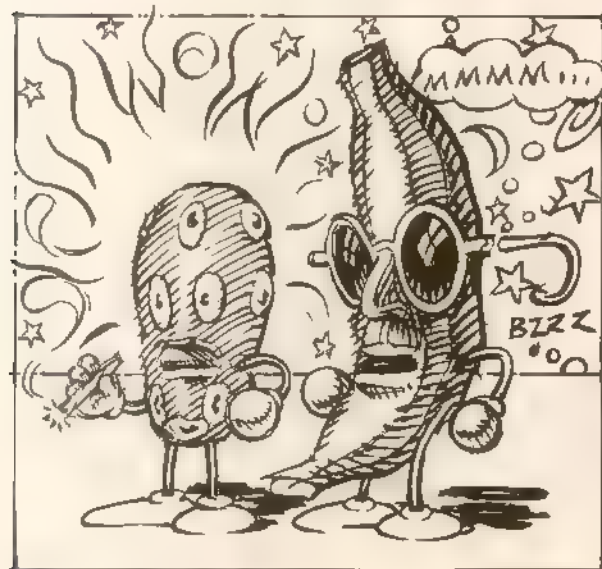
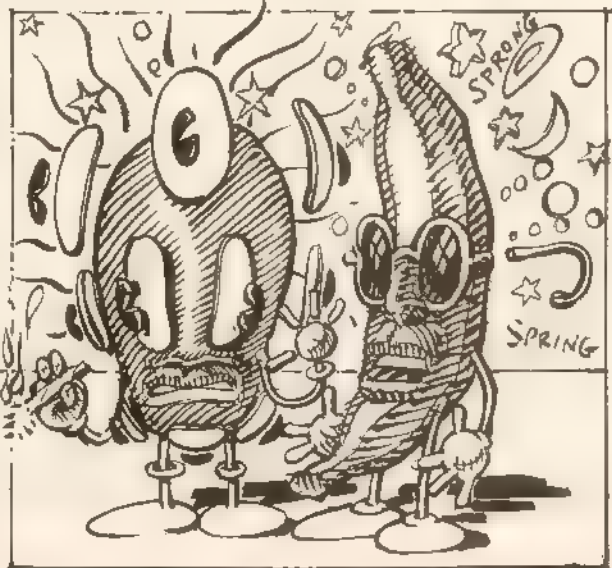
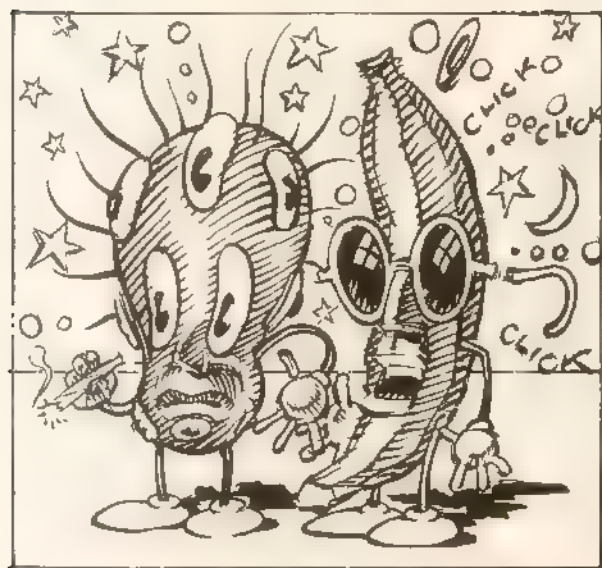
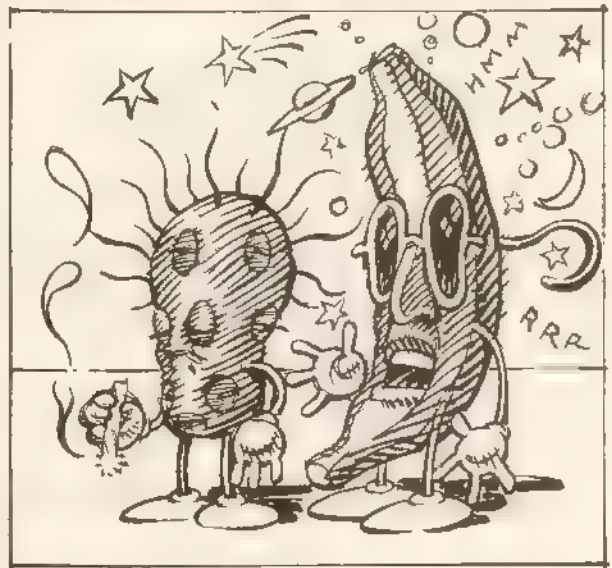
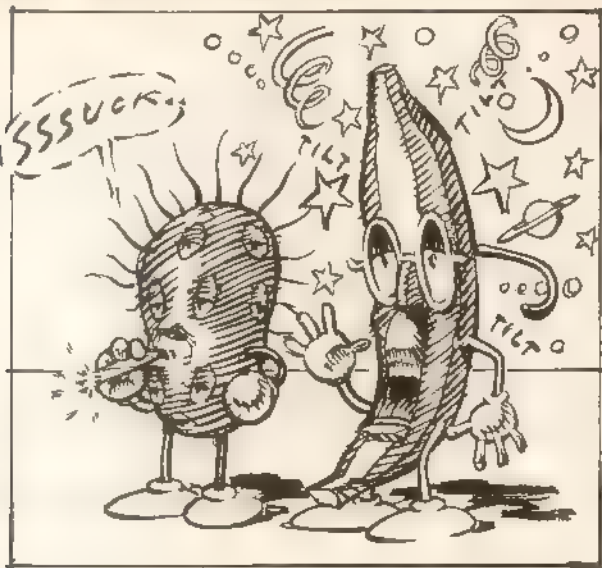




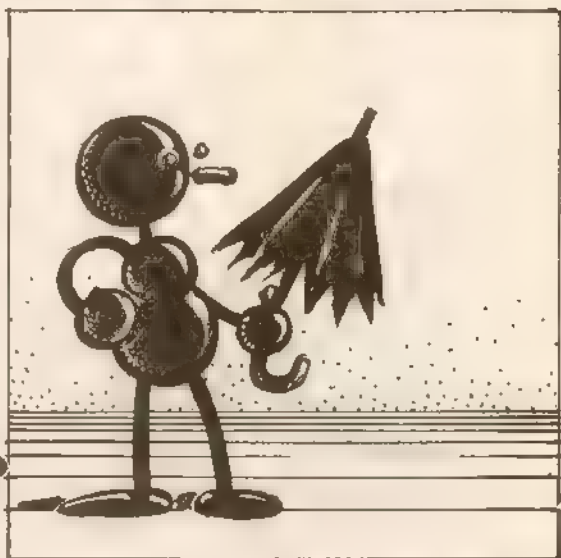
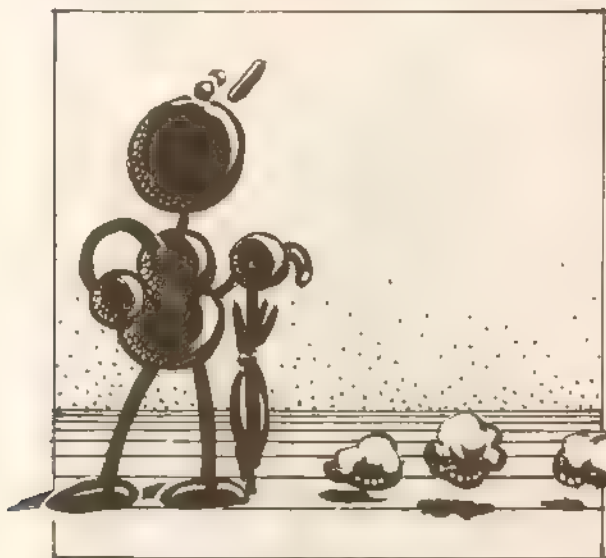
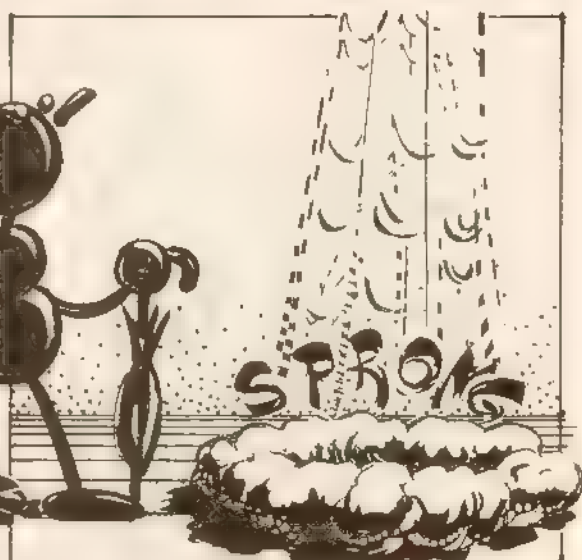
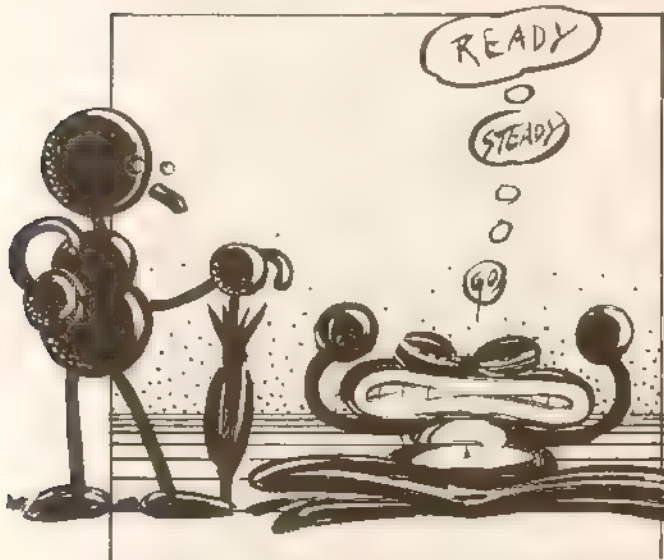
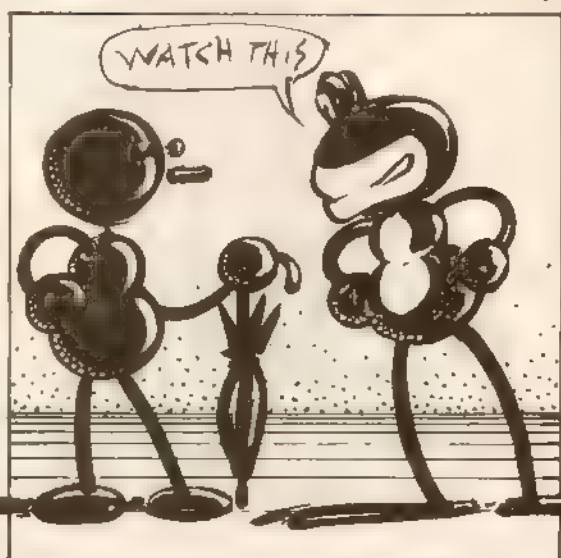
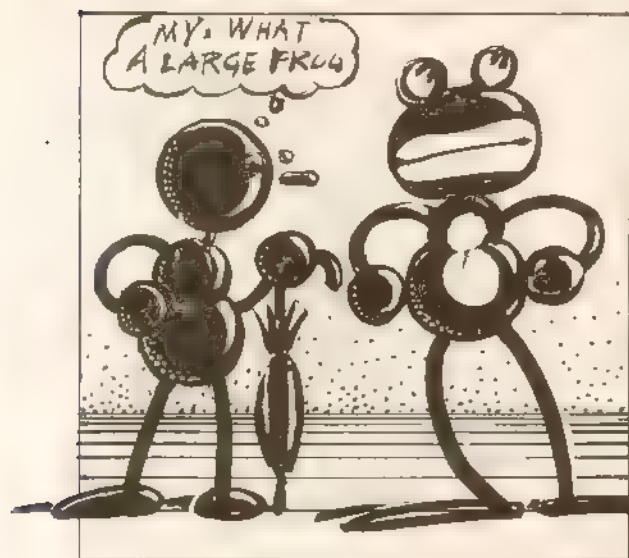
RETROBOPE COMIX



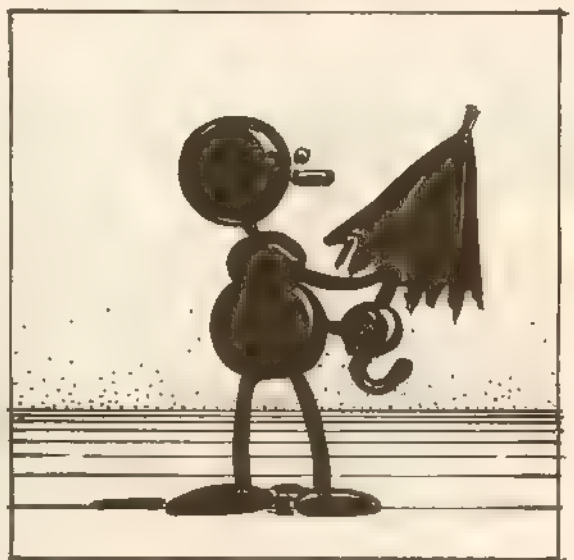
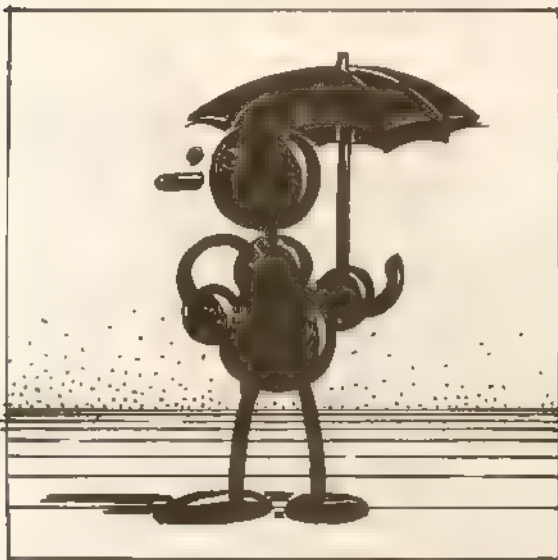
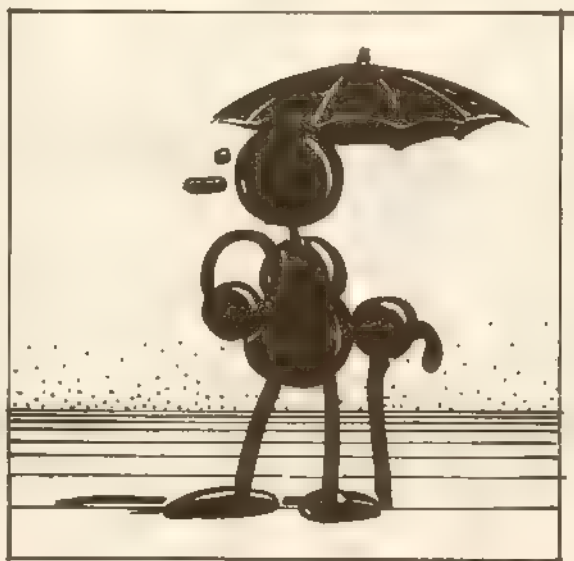
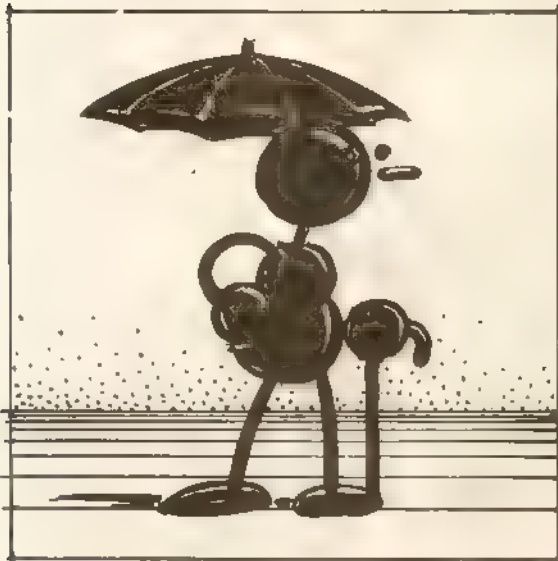
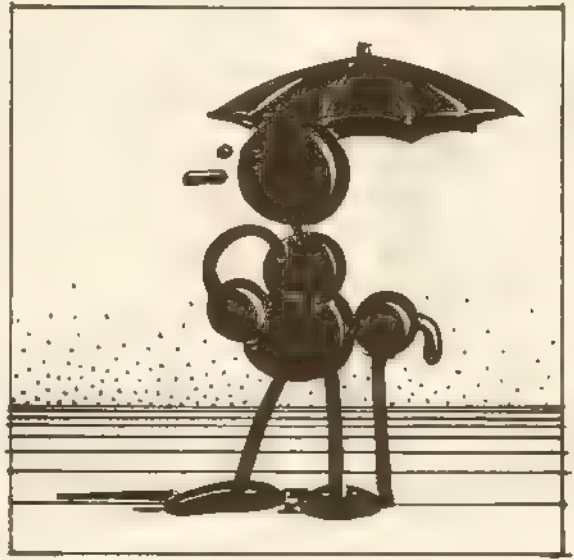
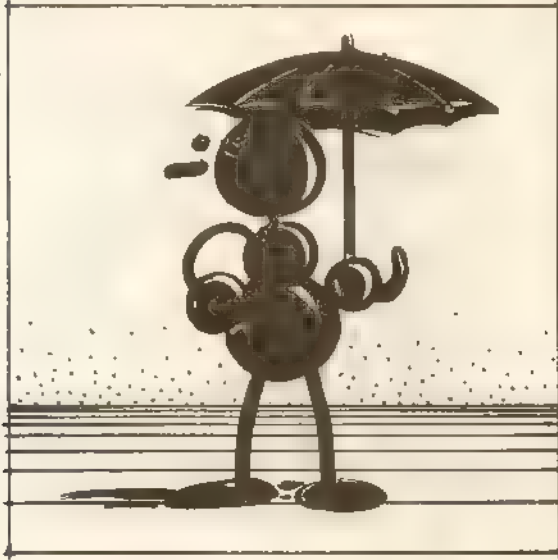
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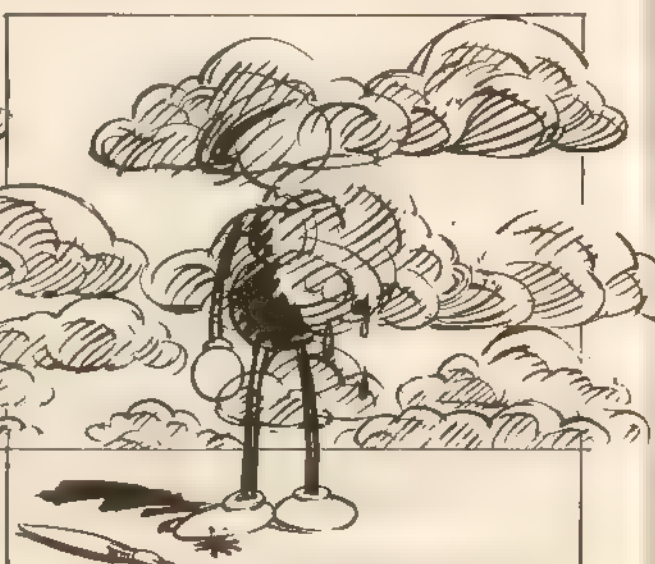
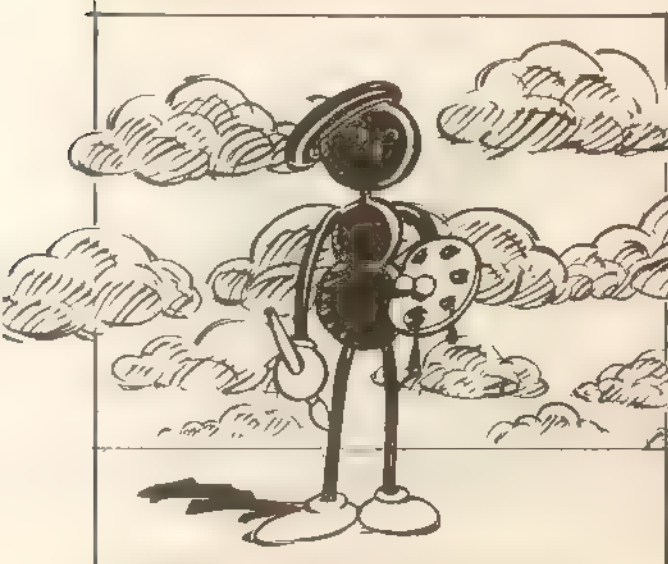
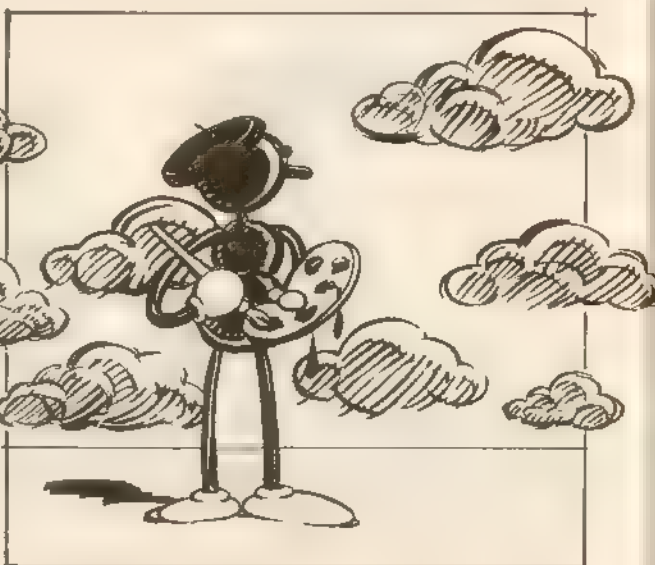
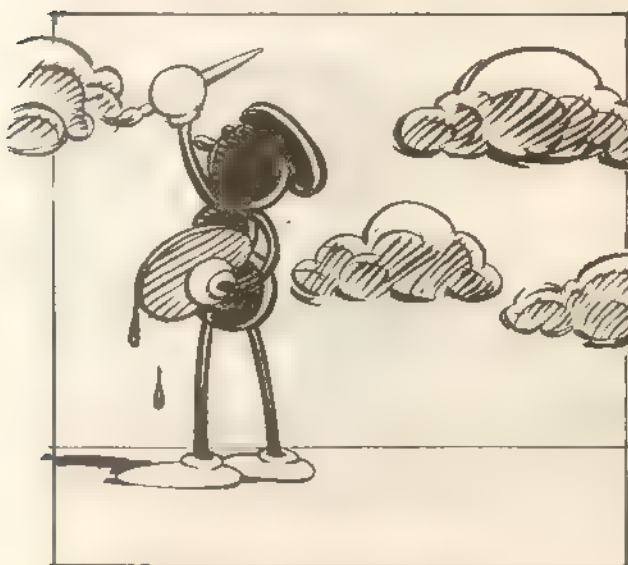
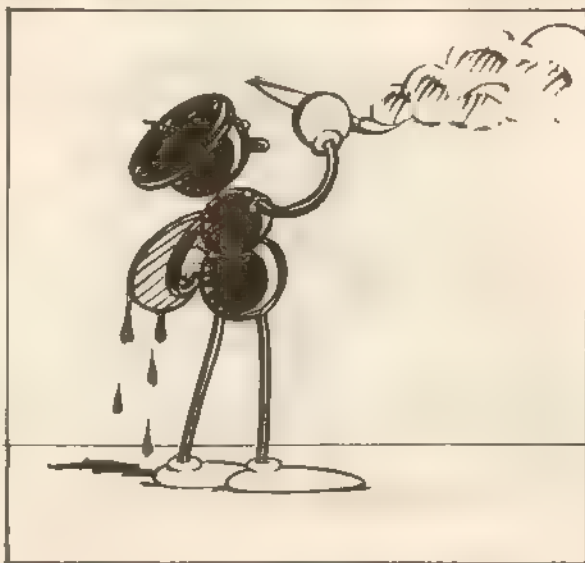
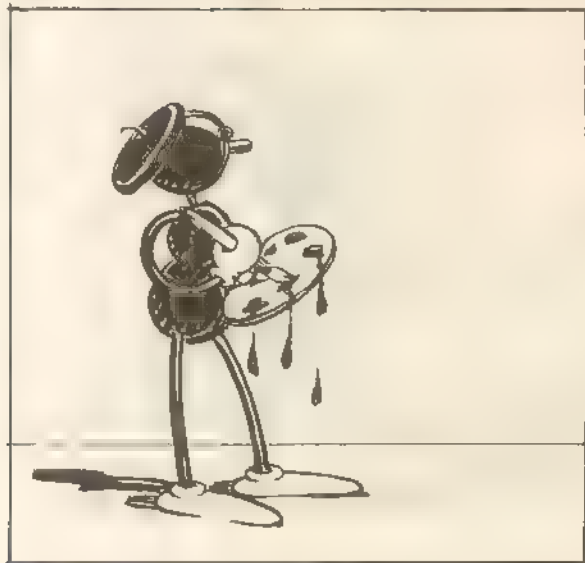
METAPHYSICAL FROG JUMP



METAPHYSICAL UMBRELLA

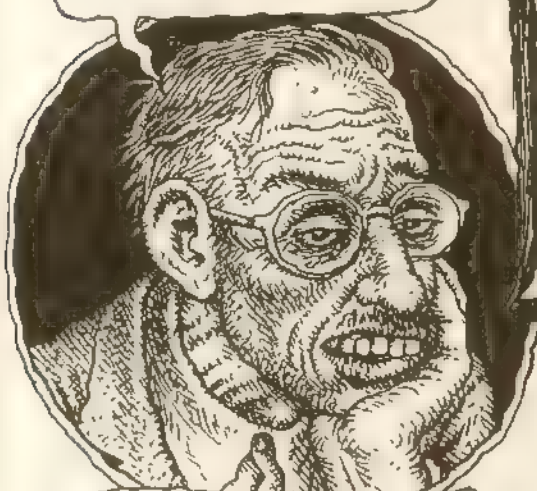


A S C L O U D S G O B Y



LOOKING BACK FROM THE
LOFTY PLANE OF MY FIFTY
YEARS ON THIS EARTH, IT'S
ALL TOO CLEAR TO ME NOW
THAT WHEN I WAS A YOUNG
MAN, I WAS

DUMB

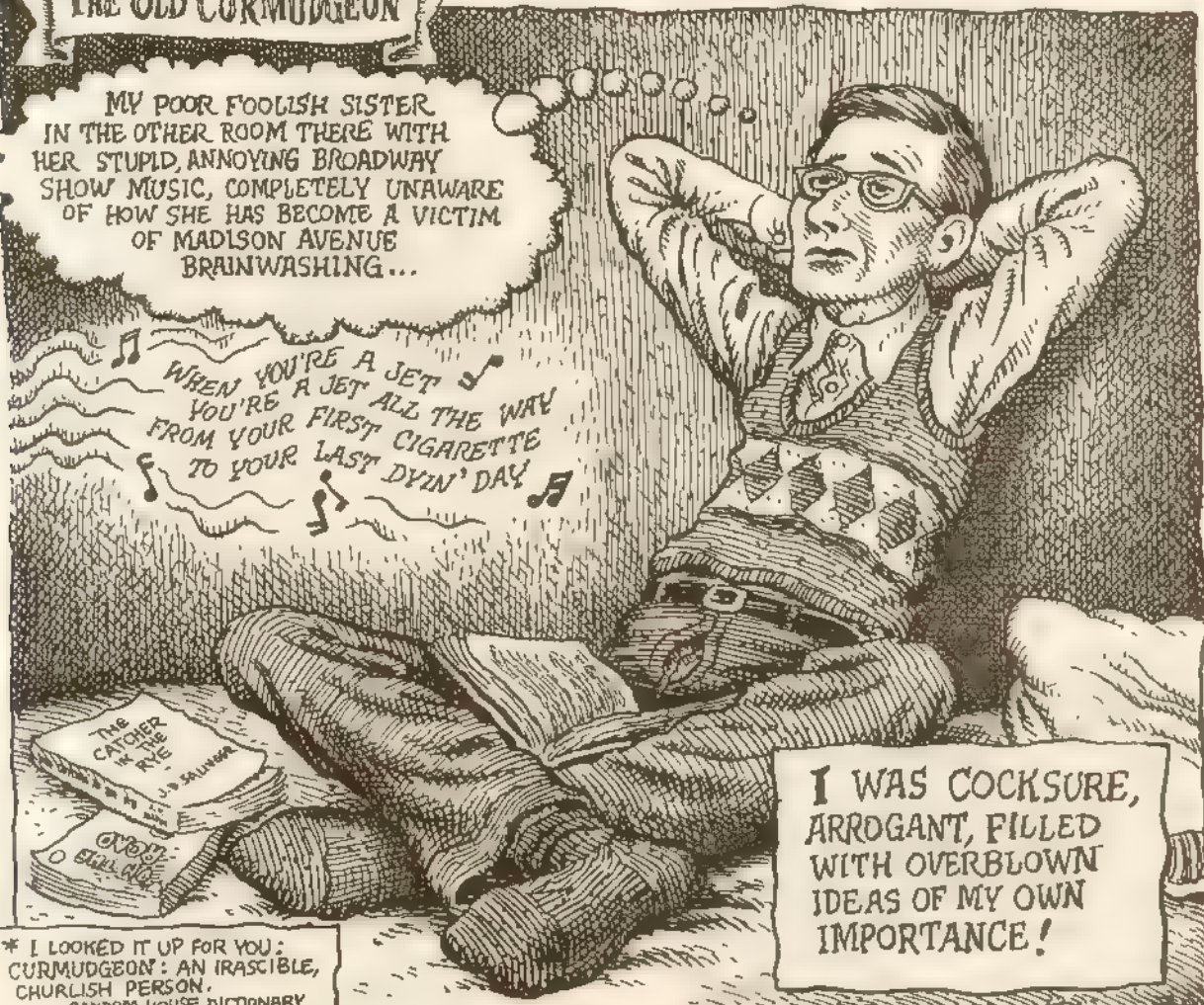


THE OLD CURMUDGEON

MY POOR FOOLISH SISTER
IN THE OTHER ROOM THERE WITH
HER STUPID, ANNOYING BROADWAY
SHOW MUSIC, COMPLETELY UNAWARE
OF HOW SHE HAS BECOME A VICTIM
OF MADISON AVENUE
BRAINWASHING...

WHEN YOU'RE A JET
YOU'RE A JET ALL THE WAY
FROM YOUR FIRST CIGARETTE
TO YOUR LAST DYIN' DAY

YES, DUMB... YET, LIKE ALL YOUTH,
I THOUGHT I KNEW EVERYTHING
THAT WAS WORTH KNOWING, AND
THEN SOME!



I WAS COCKSURE,
ARROGANT, FILLED
WITH OVERBLOWN
IDEAS OF MY OWN
IMPORTANCE!

* I LOOKED IT UP FOR YOU:
CURMUDGEON: AN IRASCIBLE,
CHURLISH PERSON.
— RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

I WASN'T THE DUMBEST BY ANY MEANS... IN COMPARISON TO MOST OF THEM I WAS ASSURED OF MY BRILLIANCE!



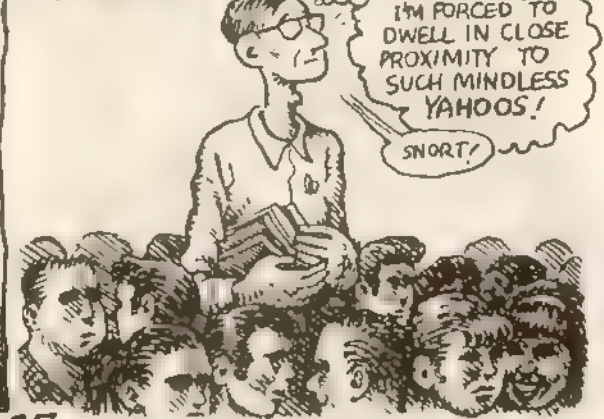
CONSIDERING HOW DUMB MY PARENTS WERE IT'S NO WONDER I WAS SUCH AN IGNORANT BOOBISH PUDDING-HEAD!



MY MOTHER WATCHED SOAP OPERAS ON T.V. AND UNDER THEIR MATTRESS YOU WOULD ALWAYS BE SURE TO FIND PLENTY OF LURID DETECTIVE MAGAZINES.



I'D CRACKED A FEW BOOKS, DROPPED OUT OF THE CHURCH, HAD A THIN GRASP OF SOCIALISM, WHICH MADE ME AN INTELLECTUAL GIANT AMONG MY PEERS!

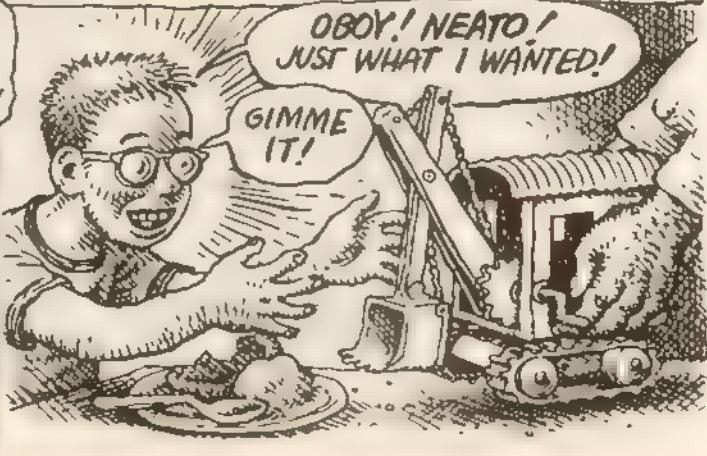


MY FATHER WAS A WORLD WAR TWO VETERAN. HE REVERED THE U.S. MARINE CORPS, IN WHICH HE SPENT TWENTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE. HE WALKED AROUND WHISTLING MILITARY ANTHEMS. "BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI" WAS A PARTICULAR FAVORITE.



NO WONDER I ALMOST TURNED OUT A FAGGOT!

THEY WERE DECENT PEOPLE; DUTIFUL, HARD-WORKING, LAW-ABIDING... THEY MADE PERSONAL SACRIFICES SO THAT THE KIDS COULD HAVE NICE PRESENTS ON THEIR BIRTHDAYS AND CHRISTMAS...



THEY WANTED TO BE MODERN PEOPLE. AS SOON AS THE NEW "RANCH-STYLE" TRACT-HOMES WERE BUILT THEY BOUGHT ONE.

NICE "CAR PORT"!

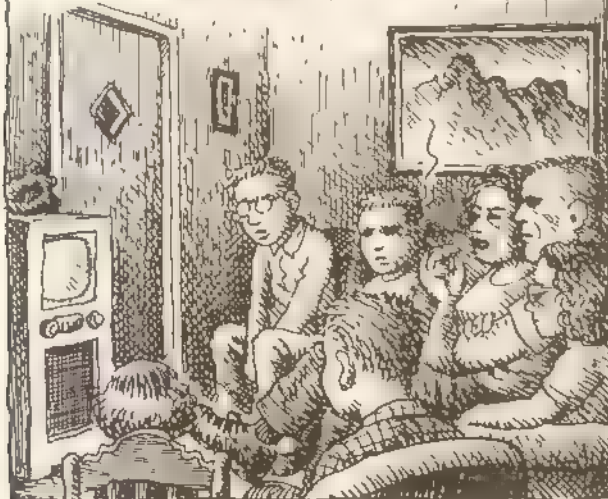
I LOVE THE "PICTURE WINDOW"



AS SOON AS TELEVISION SETS BECAME AVAILABLE TO THE MASSES WE HAD ONE IN OUR HOUSE.



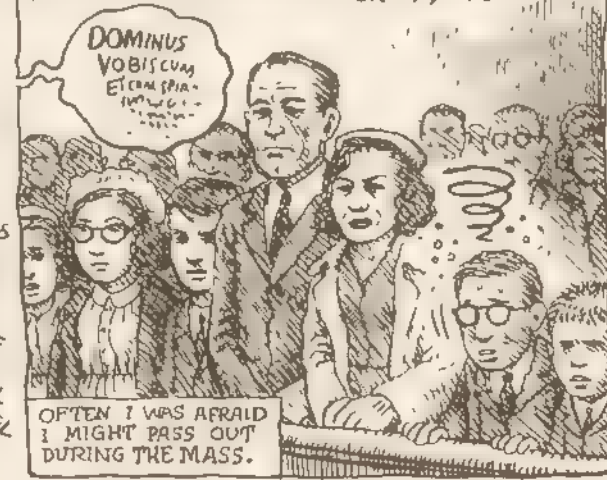
OUR FAMILY SPENT MANY HOURS EVERY DAY SITTING IN FRONT OF THE "BOOB TUBE"... WE EACH HAD OUR PLACE...



I CAN STILL TO THIS DAY SING FOR YOU MANY COMMERCIAL JINGLES I LEARNED FROM TELEVISION FORTY YEARS AGO...



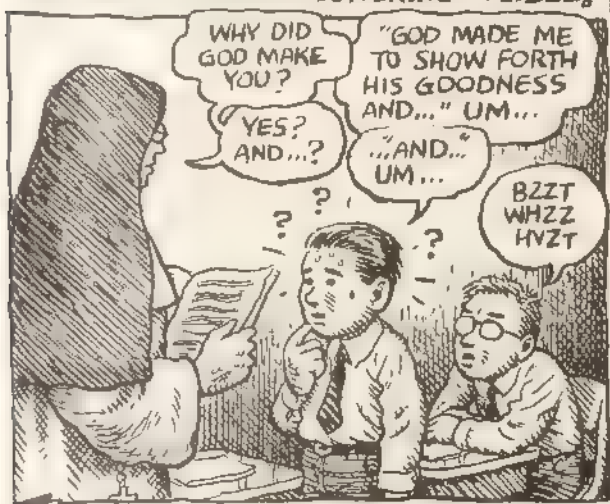
WE WENT TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY AND PERFORMED THE RITUALS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE CROWD; KNEELING, STANDING, MAKING THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, ETC.



MAKES YA THINK, DON'T IT?

WE WERE TRAINED TO BELIEVE IN THE DOGMAS OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION UNDER PAIN OF ETERNAL SUFFERING IN HELL!

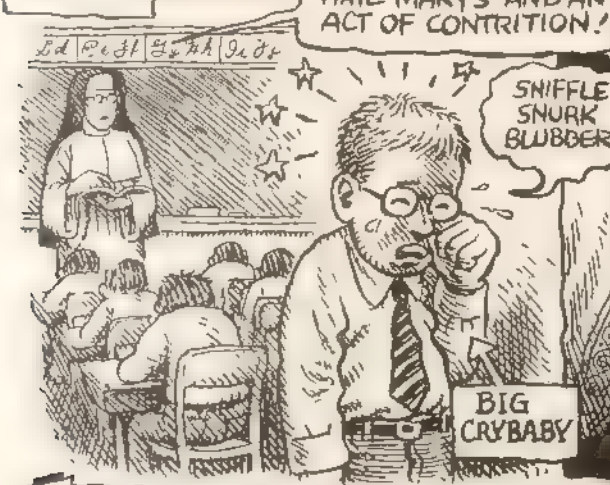
IF FEAR OF HELL WASN'T ENOUGH, MORE IMMEDIATE PUNISHMENTS WERE VIGOROUSLY APPLIED... ESPECIALLY TO THE BOYS.



I COVERED IN TERROR FROM THE WRATH OF THOSE NUNS!

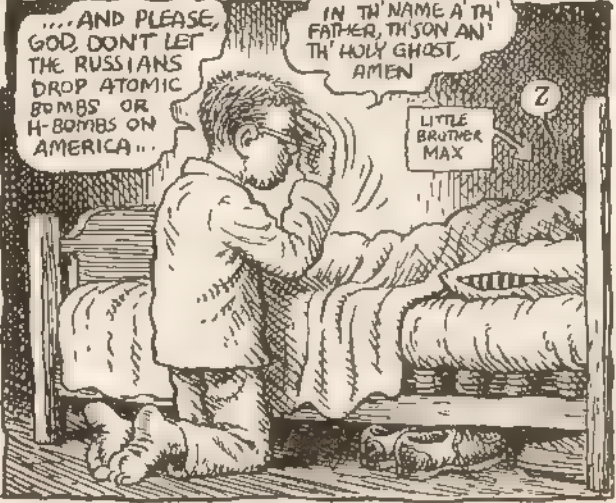
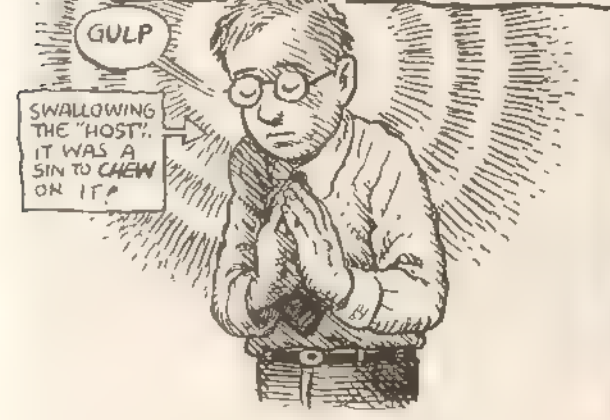
NOW GO TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM AND SAY TWENTY HAIL MARYS AND AN ACT OF CONTRITION!

THE BEST WAY TO GET ALONG WAS TO OBEY WITHOUT QUESTION ALL AUTHORITY. IT'S A WONDER I HAD ANY BRAINS LEFT!



I ALWAYS LEFT THE COMMUNION RAIL CONVINCED THAT I WAS IN A "STATE OF GRACE". MY SINS HAD BEEN FORGIVEN; MY SOUL WAS PURE. IF I GOT KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT ON THE WAY HOME FROM CHURCH MY SOUL WOULD GO STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN.

EVERY NIGHT I KNELT AT MY BED AND SAID MY PRAYERS... I DIDN'T STOP DOING THIS UNTIL AGE FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN...

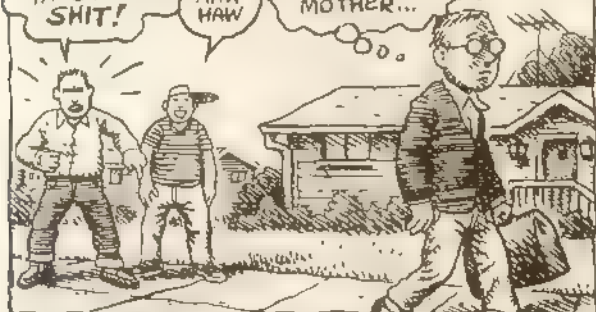


THIS CHILDISH DEVOTION TO ROMAN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE GAVE ME A SMUG ATTITUDE OF MORAL SUPERIORITY OVER OTHER BOYS.*

C'MON CRUMB STEP OVER THAT LINE! I DARE YOU! YA CHICKEN SHIT!

HAW HAW

THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW THEIR CONDUCT OFFENDS OUR LORD AND HIS MOTHER...



*BOYS WERE ONE THING - GIRLS WERE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. DISTANT, REMOVED, ANOTHER WORLD!

IT WAS ALWAYS IMPORTANT TO ME TO THINK I WAS REAL SMART! "SMART" WAS ALL THE HIGH-SOUNDING IDEAS OUT OF THE LATEST BOOKS I'D READ.

I DUNNO, I'D LIKE TO THINK I COULD WORK IT OUT WITH BUZZY, BUT, Y'KNOW, HE'S GOT ALL THESE OTHER LITTLE CHICKIES HANGING AROUND, AND IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE'S A MUSICIAN AND, Y'KNOW, VERY CHARMING IN A BOYISH SORTA WAY...

I UNDERSTAND, LIZ, BUT...



NOT THAT YOU CAN'T LEARN THINGS FROM BOOKS; MORE PEOPLE SHOULD READ 'EM, BUT AS FOR THE REAL WORLD, MR. DEEP THINKER OVER HERE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE, BECAUSE, WELL, I COULDN'T LOOK, COULDN'T FACE THEM HEAD ON... I WAS BLINDED BY A DEEP, POWERFUL REFLEX...

FEAR!

UH OH MOMMY MOMMY...

LATER, AFTER I'D ABANDONED THE CHURCH IN FAVOR OF INTELLECTUALISM, I HAD A NEW REASON TO FEEL SUPERIOR...

HEY, CRUMB, YOU BETTER STAY OUTA MY WAY YOU FUCKIN' QUEER! I'LL STOMP YOUR FUCKIN' ASS!!

HE WILL TOO, BWAH! YOU BETTER B'LEVE IT!

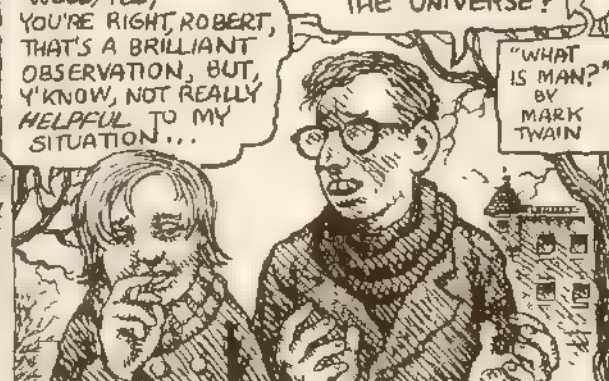
IGNORAMUSES, INCAPABLE OF RISING ABOVE THEIR ANIMAL INSTINCTS!



DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT MAYBE THE ONLY REASON YOU LOVE BUZZY IS BECAUSE YOU ARE JUST A PRODUCT OF YOUR ENVIRONMENT, AND ALL YOUR THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS HAVE BEEN PREDESTINED BY THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE?

SIGH... WELL, YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, ROBERT, THAT'S A BRILLIANT OBSERVATION, BUT, Y'KNOW, NOT REALLY HELPFUL TO MY SITUATION...

"WHAT IS MAN?" BY MARK TWAIN



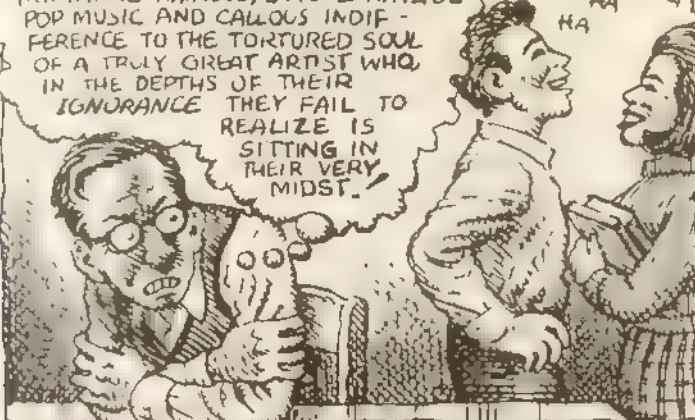
YES, I WAS AFRAID OF MY FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS... I WAS AFRAID OF THEIR JUDGMENT OF ME...



AT THE SAME TIME I FEARED THEM I ALSO DESPISED THEM...

MINDLESS, WELL ADJUSTED LOOTS WITH THEIR UNBEARABLY IRRITATING HAIRDOS, UTTERLY HATEFUL POP MUSIC AND CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE TO THE TORTURED SOUL OF A TRULY GREAT ARTIST WHO, IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR IGNORANCE THEY FAIL TO REALIZE IS SITTING IN THEIR VERY MIDST.

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA



WHY DID I BOTHER TO LEAVE MY ROOM AT ALL?? WELL OF COURSE — ONE THING, AND ONE THING ONLY, DROVE ME OUT OF MY RAT-HOLE...

GUESS I'LL GO TO THE STUDENT UNION OVER AT THE UNIVERSITY TO OBSERVE HUMANITY..



OH, RIGHT, "OBSERVE HUMANITY.."

GURLS, GURLS GURLS...

SIGH
OH SIGH..
BOO HOO
SHE'S SO
BEAUTIFUL..
SO REFINED..



MORE SELF-DELUSION... ALL THIS 19TH CENTURY ROMANTIC MELODRAMA WAS JUST A COVER-UP FOR THE BASEST ANIMAL LUST... TO POSSESS HER SPLENDID, WHOLESOME YOUNG BODY TO DRAG THIS PROUD BEAUTY DOWN IN THE MUD, TO HAVE MY WAY WITH HER, THAT WAS MY TRUE HEART'S DESIRE.

SHE'S LEAVING.. OH
SIGH... WELL, AT LEAST I'LL GET
AN EYEFUL OF HER INCREDIBLE
REAR END, AND THOSE
BIG LEGS...

OHMM.



I WOULD GO TO THE STUDENT UNION AND MOON OVER SOME BIG OZ' MILK-FED, SAD-EYED THING WHO WAS ALWAYS THERE STUDYING.

OH IF ONLY I WASN'T SO SHY, I CAN TELL BY HER BEATIFIC FACE SHE'S A PERSON WHO WOULD APPRECIATE A SENSITIVE ARTIST LIKE ME, BUT NO, I AM CONDEMNED TO WORSHIP HER FROM A DISTANCE..



I ELEVATED THEM TO SAINT-HOOD.

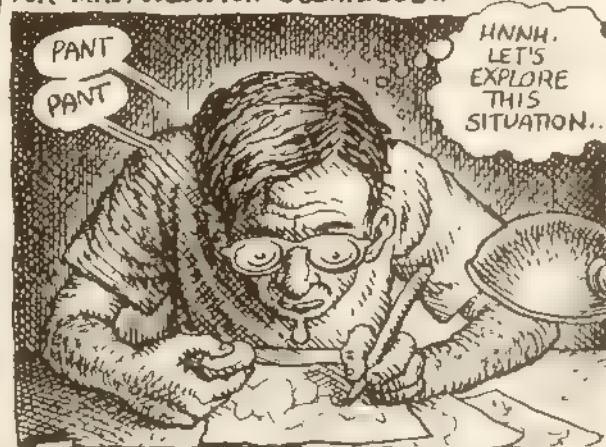
AND LET'S FACE ANOTHER HARD FACT: WHAT WAS MR. DEEP THINKER DOING IN HIS CLOISTERED CHAMBERS? ABSORBING THE CLASSIC WORKS OF HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY? STRUGGLING TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF MAN'S EXISTENCE??



YEAH, SURE! ONE PERCENT OF THE TIME! AN INORDINATELY GREATER PART OF MY WAKING HOURS WERE SPENT JUST LIKE ALL THOSE OTHER CRASS YOUNG MALES I FELT SO SUPERIOR TO: FANTASIZING ABOUT SEX!!



THE POSSIBILITY THAT I WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS IN THIS RESPECT DID NOT EVEN DAWN ON ME... NOR DID IT WORRY ME THAT I WAS UTILIZING MOST OF MY CREATIVE ENERGIES FOR MASTURBATION SCENARIOS...



I WILL SPARE YOU THE DETAILS. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THESE FANTASIES HAD VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH REAL WOMEN OR 'NORMAL' SEXUAL ACTIVITIES...



THEY WERE MY OWN ORIGINAL AND UNIQUE CREATIONS... BUT OF THIS I WAS NOT, AND NEVER HAVE BEEN, PROUD.*



QUITE THE CONTRARY... WHEN NOT USING THEM TO EXCITE MYSELF, AND ESPECIALLY IMMEDIATELY AFTER CUMMING, I EXPERIENCED STRONG FEELINGS OF SHAME AND SELF-LOATHING...



IT WAS A VICIOUS CIRCLE.



*** LATER I EVEN HAD THE NERVE TO FOIST THESE ABSURD FANTASIES ON THE PUBLIC IN MY COMICS! WHY I THOUGHT ANYONE ELSE WOULD WANT TO SEE THIS STUFF I'VE FORGOTTEN.**

JOE MATT SYNDROME

WHAT I NEEDED WAS A STINT IN THE ARMY. BOOT CAMP WOULD'VE DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD...



THEN I HAD A MAJOR SET-BACK... I DISCOVERED THE HIPPIES, QUIT MY JOB, AND STARTED GETTING "STONED"...



AND I HAD PLENTY OF COMPANY. "WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE" WAS RIGHT! WE WERE VISIONARIES, HOLY MEN, FAIRY PRINCESSES, MYTHOLOGICAL GODS AND GODDESSES. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL...



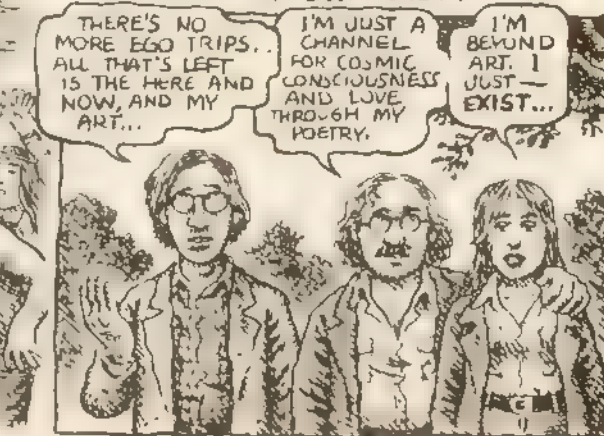
BEING FORCED TO GO OUT INTO THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD AND GET A NINE-TO-FIVE JOB (ACTUALLY 8 TO 4:42) HAD ALMOST THE SAME EFFECT... I PICKED UP, AGAINST MY WILL, A BIT OF AUTHENTIC KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE OF LIFE... A TAD...



VERY QUICKLY I BECAME ANOTHER L.S.D. CASUALTY... YEP...



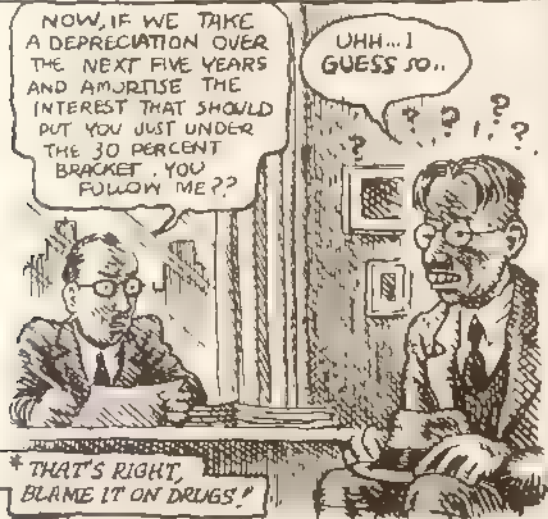
MY SMUGNESS NOW REACHED TOWERING HEIGHTS, SURROUNDED AS I WAS BY OTHERS WHO SHARED THESE GRAND AND GLORIOUS ILLUSIONS... THEY WERE ALL MIDDLE-CLASS PUNKS LIKE ME...



IT TOOK ME TWENTY YEARS TO RECOVER FROM ALL THAT L.S.D. I TOOK.. FOR A LONG TIME I WAS A MEDIAEVAL MAN LOST IN THE MODERN WORLD.



STILL, I THINK I'M SOME SORT OF AN "IDIOT" BECAUSE OF L.S.D. *



THEN I HAD ANOTHER SET-BACK... THESE L.S.D.-INSPIRED COMICS I'D DRAWN GAVE ME A MODEST KIND OF HERO STATUS IN THE SO-CALLED COUNTER-CULTURE...



BUT MAYBE L.S.D. WAS A GOOD THING IN SOME WAY... THE WAY IT CRACKED OPEN THE ARROGANT MINDSET OF TECHNO-INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION.. MAYBE WE NEEDED THAT, I DUNNO... THE VERDICT'S NOT IN YET...



BUT AGAIN, I WASN'T THE DUMBEST HIPPIE EITHER, AND AFTER A FEW BUMMERS I BEGAN TO GET DISILLUSIONED WITH THE HIPPIES...



'KNOW, WHEN YOU'RE FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE EAGER TO BE YOUR FRIEND SO THEY AGREE WITH EVERYTHING YOU SAY... YOUR OPINIONS AND IDEAS GO UNCHALLENGED...



OBVIOUSLY THIS IS NOT GOOD FOR ONE'S INTELLECTUAL GROWTH... YOU'RE CUT OFF, SURROUNDED BY SYCOPHANTS WHO BUILD UP YOUR EGO TO BE PART OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

GIT OUTA MY WAY, I GOTTA TALK TO 'IM!

SHUT UP! CANTER SEE WE'RE HAVIN' A DISCUSSION??

LISTEN, R.! I GOT A GREAT PROPOSAL FOR YUH! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

WHY DO YOU MANGOUT WITH HIM N. THE GUY'S A FUGGIN' IDIOT!

R., TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH MY LIFE!

I'M THE ONLY TRUE FRIEND - THESE OTHERS ARE ALL OUT TO SUCK OFF YOU!

R., HEY, MAN, I, TOO, LOVE THE BLUES!

IT'S MY OWN FAULT.. I'M "CO DEPENDENT" WITH ALLA THEM.

YEARS AND YEARS OF THIS WILL WEAKEN ANYONE'S CHARACTER AND TURN ANYONE SOFT IN THE HEAD. IF YOU'RE NOT TOUGH IT CAN KILL YOU!?

LET IT RING!

GODDAMN TELEPHONE! DAMN PESTS!

R-RINGG!
R-RINGG!

BLURP!

SHE'S A COPER! SHE KNOWS THE ROPES... SHE GUIDES ME THROUGH THIS BEWILDERING MAZE... I TRUST HER JUDGMENT... WHO ELSE AM I GONNA TRUST??

WH-WHERE ARE WE??
WH-WHAT IS THIS PLACE??

DON'T ASK!!
DO YOU WANT ME TO CARRY YOU?

SHE WEARS THE PANTS!

MIRACULOUSLY, I HAVE SURVIVED 25 YEARS OF THIS FOOLISHNESS... I PROBABLY WOULDN'T'VE MADE IT EXCEPT THAT AT A PARTICULAR LOW POINT IN THE EARLY '70S I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO GET HOOKED UP WITH A VERY STRONG, SMART WOMAN!

'CAUSE NOT ONLY AM I DECADENT, BUT I CAN'T STAND ON MY OWN TWO FEET... SHE PROPS ME UP...

YOU'RE NOT AS INFANTILE AS MY FIRST HUSBAND

YEAH, I'M A SURVIVOR... I'VE LEARNED A COUPLE A' THINGS, SEEN SOME OF LIFE, HAD A FEW HARD KNOCKS... THESE DAYS I'M A WILEY RASCAL...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET UP PRIT-TEE EARLY IN THE MORNING TO PUT ONE OVER ON OL' R. CRUMB!

DON'T EVEN TRY IT, GOD-DAMN YER EYES!

END



GIMMY
A SHOT
OF IRISH
WHISKY!

WTH A
BEER BACK,
BAR-TENDER?

YOU'RE SUE--
WANNA F.U.C.K?

YOU DRINK
TOO FAST
POOKIE.



BLOOM
BLOOM

NO DOUBLE
HEADERS!

EEKK!

THE TOP OF
SOME DUDES
SKULL!
TAKE ME HOME
POOKIE.

MY TITS
ARE WET!
SKAL!
THE BEER
SPILT!

LET'S
GO!

SHIT!

BOMB!

CLINK!

THE ST. KAHUNA SURFING MYSTERIES?

WHY DID MARTIANS ACTIVATE THE SPIRITS OF THE TIKIS?

WHO'S BLOATED BODY FOWLED THE SECRET SURFING SPOT?

HOW DID ST. KAHUNA SHOOT THE CURL ON A FLAT SEA?

WHY WERE THE OIL SPILLS NOT SLIPPERY?

WHO ATTENDED BEACH PARTIES WHERE NOBODY REMEMBERS BEING THERE?

WHO INVITED GANG MEMBERS TO SPOIL THE LUAU?

WAS THE RED TIDE A SIGN FROM ON HIGH?

WHAT CAUSED THE JELLYFISHES TO FILL THE BEACH IN PROFUSION?

HE WHO COULD HAVE ANSWERED THESE QUESTIONS HAD AN EYE THAT WOULDN'T CLOSE, WORE HIS ARMPIT ON HIS FACE AND GAVE HIS HEART TO ANOTHER, POSTHOMOUSLY AFTER TRYING TO FLY A HARLEY DAVIDSON WITHOUT A SEEING EYE DOG.

WHO TRIED TO SHAME ST. KAHUNA WITH THE MARTYRDOM OF RIDING A GIRL'S BIKE?

WHO FORETOLD OF THE HORRIBLE BEACH BUNNIES THAT FORNICATED AND INGESTED SEMEN?

DOES 'LOCALS ONLY' MEAN NO GOD TOO?

ROBT. WILLIAMS

THE CHECKERED JEMON
RESCUES AN ALIEN BABY
FROM A MAD SCIENTIST...

FOR JOHN KELLY - © 1974 & 1975 W. J. KELLY



THE
SHE-DEMON
THE THREE
GIRLS







SHE DREAMT 'TAT SHE WANT
M'ANTS HAD THE R'WAY W'N HER
'N AN ASTRO DIVE

STAR-EYED STELLA AND THE CHECKERED
DEMON BATTLE DIABOLIC DOCTORS
WHO ATTEMPT TO INJECT HER WITH
EXPERIMENTAL TOXIC FLUIDS.

© J. JAY WILSON MAY DAY 1993 FOR GARY C. FRAL 2.

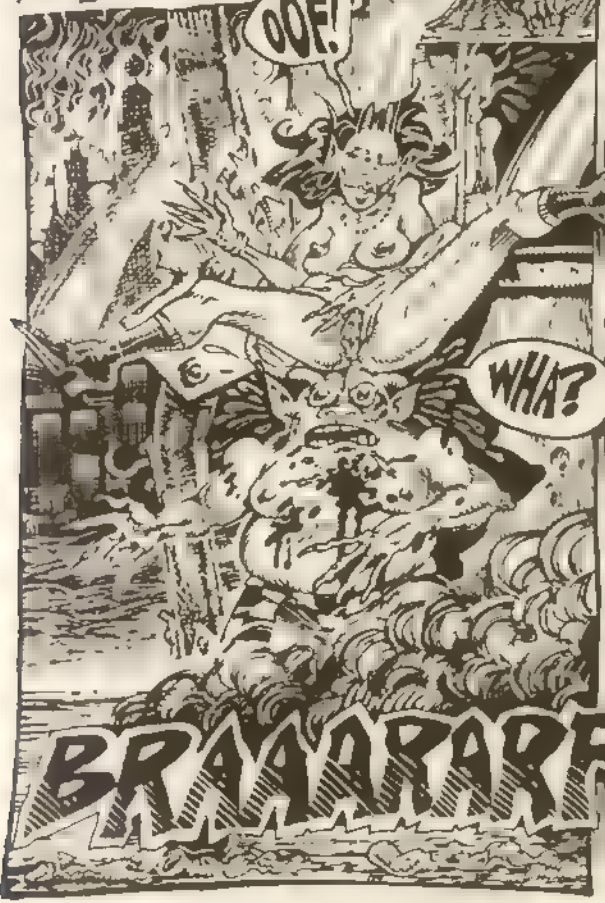




SO OFF THE BUS WENT, LEAVING THE CHECKERED DEMON SPATTERED WITH TOT BLOOD, FUMBLING FOR HIS TOKEN. SUDDENLY THE DEVIL GIRL WAS FLUNG OUT THE WINDOW AND LANDED ON HIM!!!



MEANWHILE, UP IN HEAVEN..



SO AMBROSE SLIPPED
ON HIS DEVILISH
DISGUISE AND ROARED
TOWARDS HELL IN HIS
HEAVENLY SHUTTLE SHIP...



I'LL JUST RUN THIS
DATA THROUGH MY
INTER-STAR
SOUL SEARCHER
SYSTEM TO FIND
OUT HELL'S ENTRY
POINT WHERE THE
LITTLE BITCH IS...
AND THEN
BRING BACK
THIS LAMB
GONE ASTRAY...

WITH SUBLIME SWIFTNESS
AMBROSE WAS ON TARGET
IN HADES...



THERE SHE IS. ON THE
CORNER TALKING WITH
SOME DWARF DEVIL.
I'LL JUST SNEAK UP ON
HER, WHISPER THE
SITUATION AND THE
ESCAPE PLAN INTO
HER LITTLE POINTY
EAR AND HOPE MY
WINGS STAY HID...

YOU BROKE MY
FALL AND I LOVE
YOU FOR IT...



HERE COMES
ANOTHER BUS!
'LET'S GET THE
FUCK OUTTA
HERE!' I FOUND
A COUPLE BUS TOKENS

ABOVE THE
BUS STOP...

LOOK! THE
SAWED OFF
COCKSUCKER
FLIRTIN' WID
ME GAL!



I'M GONNA
DROP DIS SAFE
FULLA' BRICKS
ON HIS ASS!

GOOD IDEA
ROY, DUDE!

THE CHECKERED DEMON
AND THE DEVIL GIRL
ROARED OFF ON THE BUS
JUST AS THE SAFE DROPPED
OUT THE WINDOW, FLATTENING
AMBROSE ON THE SIDEWALK!

NICE TRY!
BUT THE WRONG GUY!
ARE YOU COMFORTABLE, CUTIE GIRL?

SHIT
MISSED!!

ON THE BUS...

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL
LIKE YOU DOIN' IN THIS
HELL-HOLE?

SOMETIMES
I WONDER...

CLUD!

WAIT
LADY, I...



END.

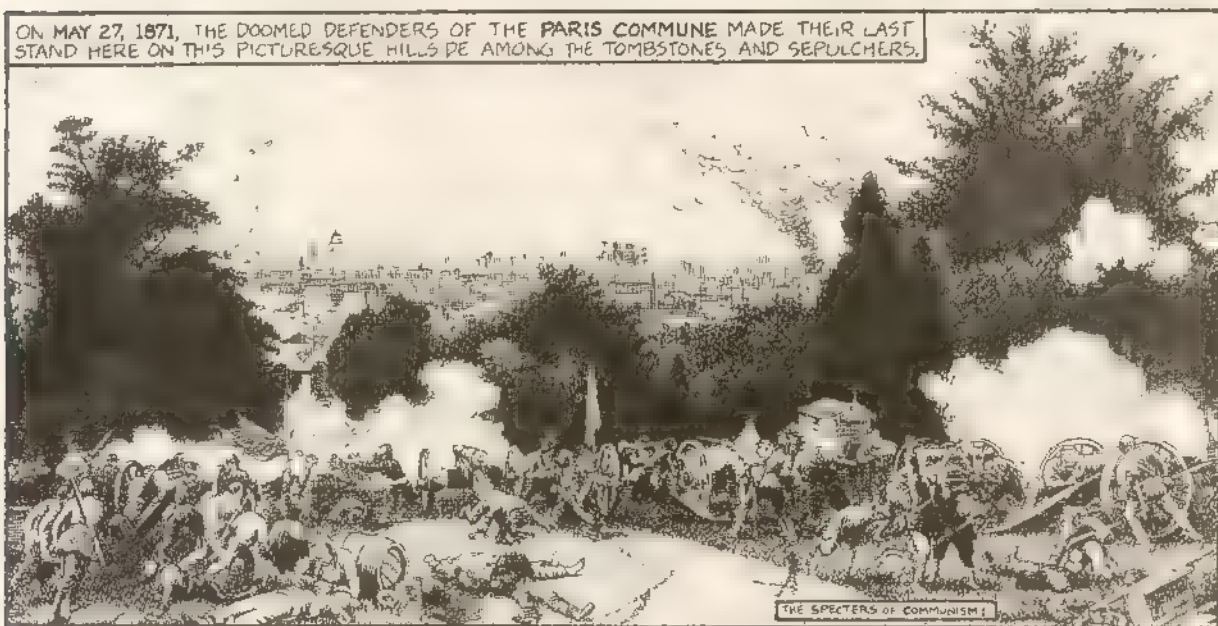
GRAVEYARD GHOSTS

PERE LACHAISE
CEMETERY, PARIS:

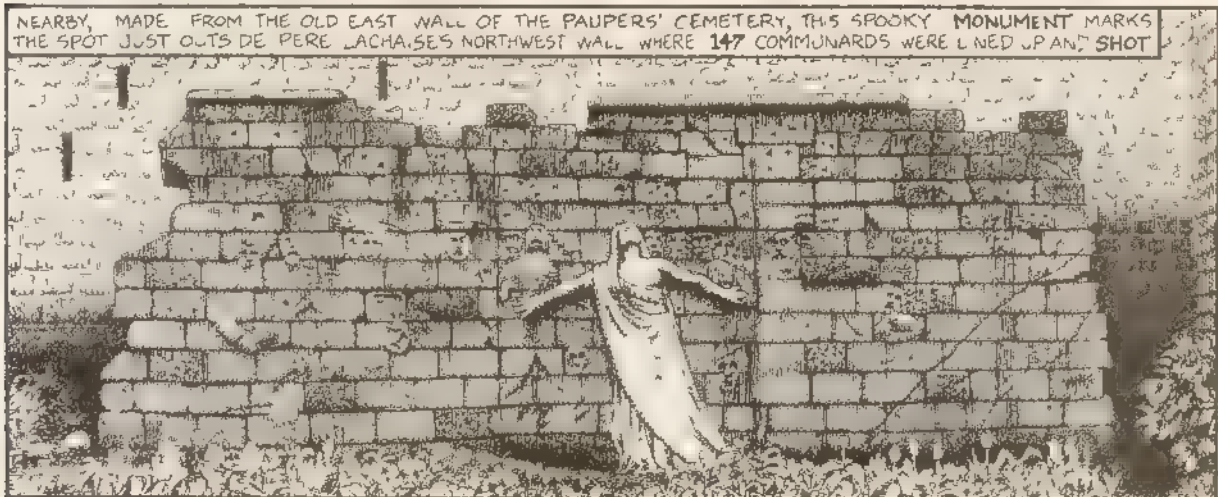
FAVORITE OUTDOOR GATHERING PLACE OF
PARISIANS SINCE THE TIME OF BALZAC



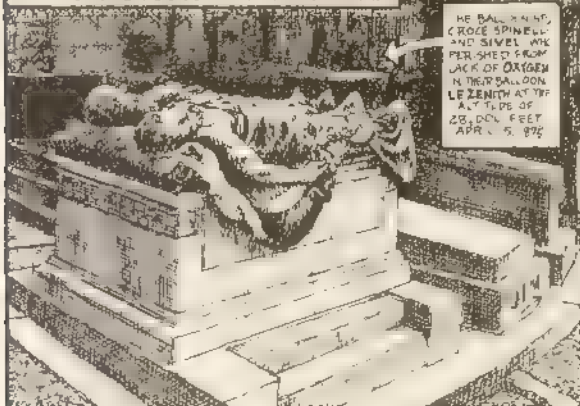
ON MAY 27, 1871, THE DOOMED DEFENDERS OF THE PARIS COMMUNE MADE THEIR LAST
STAND HERE ON THIS PICTURESQUE HILLSIDE AMONG THE TOMBSTONES AND SEPULCHERS.



NEARBY, MADE FROM THE OLD EAST WALL OF THE PAUPERS' CEMETERY, THIS SPOOKY MONUMENT MARKS
THE SPOT JUST OUTSIDE PERE LACHAISE'S NORTHWEST WALL WHERE 147 COMMUNARDS WERE LINED UP AND SHOT

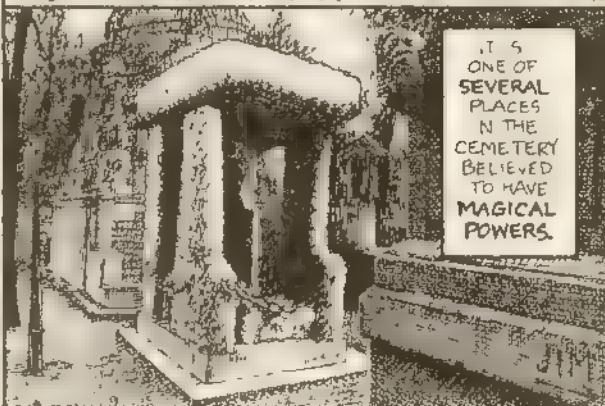


INSIDE THE NECROPOLIS, PHANTOMS
OF THE OBSOLETE AND THE ACTUAL



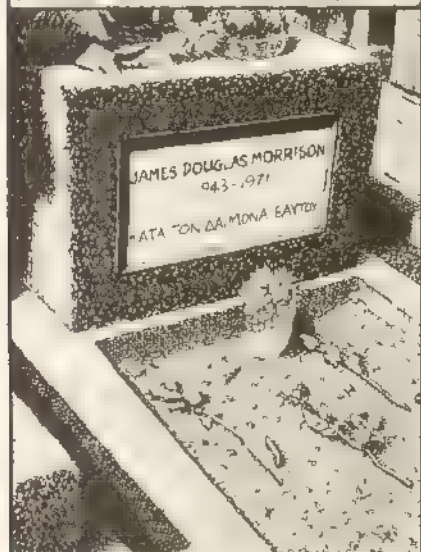
HE BALANCED
CROCE SPINELL
AND SIVEL WKE
PER SHEET SKOP
JACK OF OXYGEN
IN THEIR BALLOON
LEZENITH AT THE
AT THE TOP OF
25 DOZ FEET
APRIL 5, 1971

FORMERLY, THE MOST VISITED SITE WAS THE MEMORIAL TO
THE SPIRITUALIST ALLAN KARDEC (MADRYTE LEON R. JAL. 1804-1859).



IT IS
ONE OF
SEVERAL
PLACES
IN THE
CEMETERY
BELIEVED
TO HAVE
MAGICAL
POWERS.

NOW THE MOST POPULAR PILGRIMAGE IS TO
THE GRAVE OF THE AMERICAN GENIUS,
ROCK SINGER JIM MORRISON.



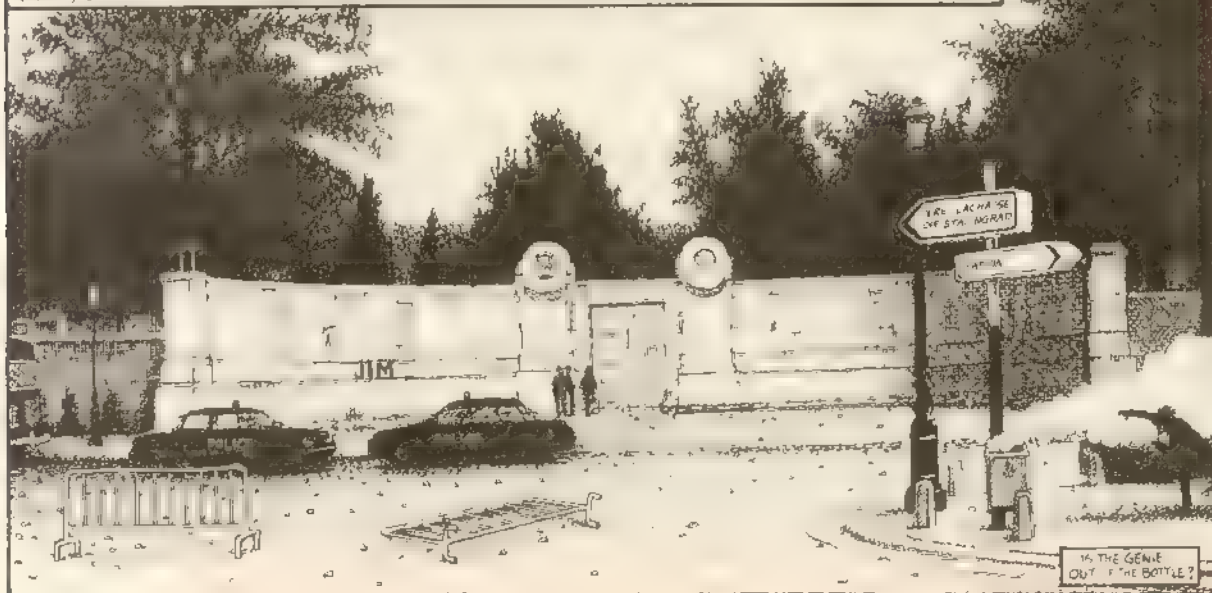
JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON
1943-1971

MATA TON DAMONA EAYTON

HIS VISITORS ARRIVE, WRATHLIKE,
PLASTERING THE NEIGHBORING TOMBS
WITH A DENSE LAYER OF GRAFFITI.



ON JUNE 3, 1991, THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF JIM'S DEATH, HUNDREDS OF HIS ADMIRERS
RIOTED AND BROKE DOWN THE CEMETERY GATES AFTER THEY WERE EXPELLED AT CLOSING
TIME, SO THEY COULD SPEND THE NIGHT GETTING DRUNK AND STONED WITH THE LIZARD KING.



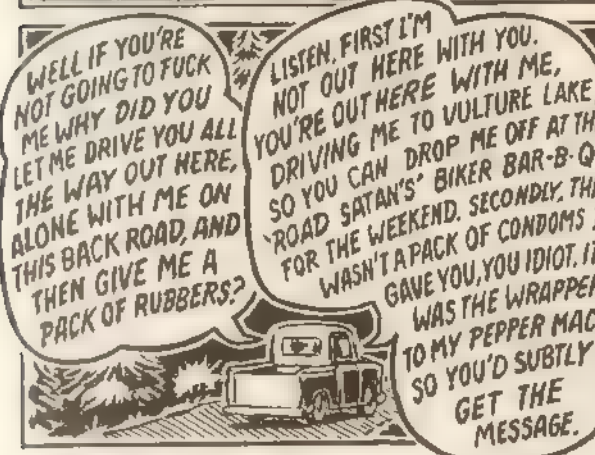
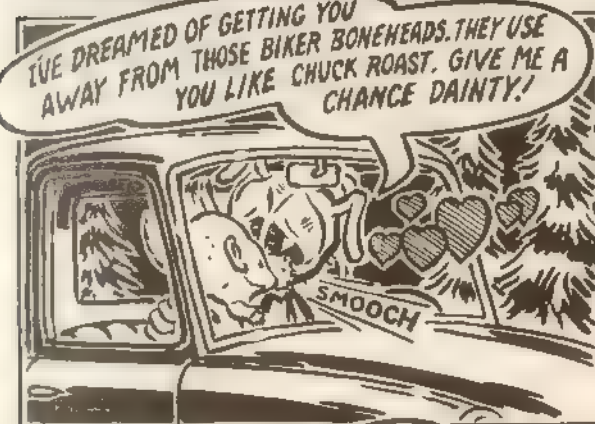
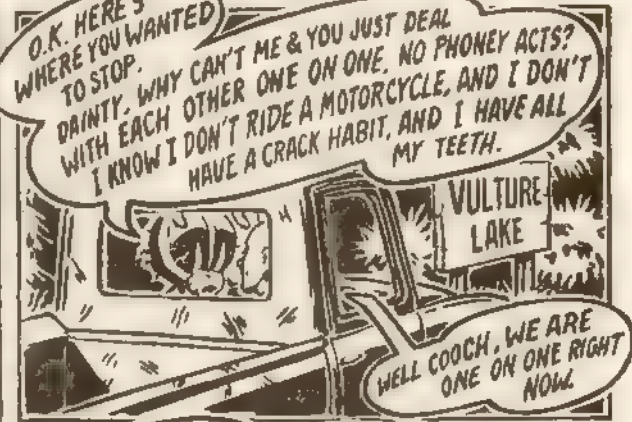
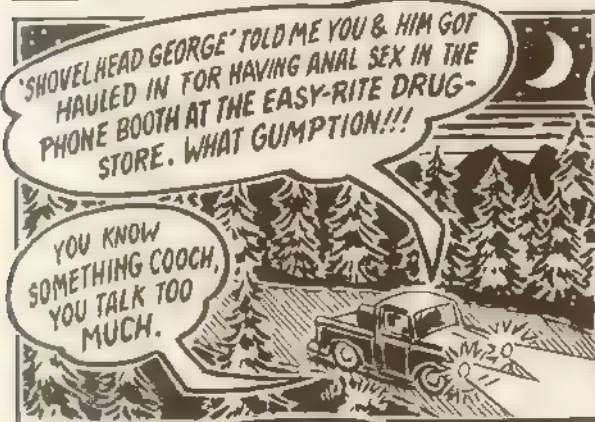
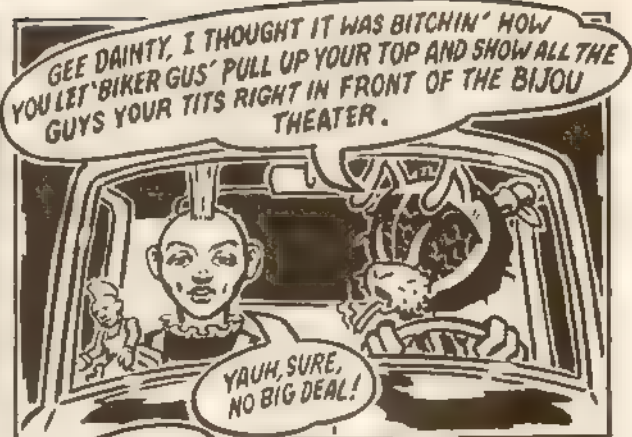
IS THE GENIE
OUT OF THE BOTTLE?

COOCHY COOTY
& DAINTY, DIMPLES IN...

MASHER'S LAMENT

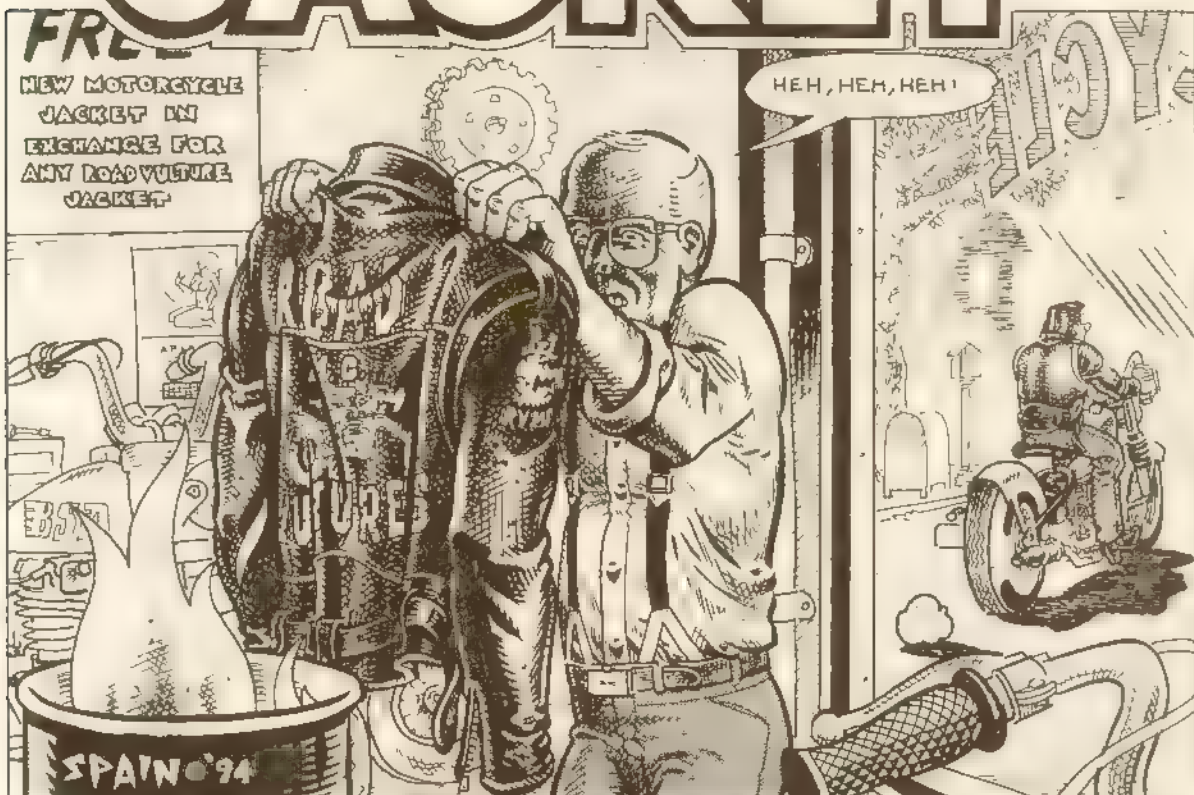
OR
FROM AN ANGEL ON HIGH A
SEXIST FOOL GETS HIS JUST DUE!

By ROBT. WILLIAMS
"A DAY IN THE LIFE"

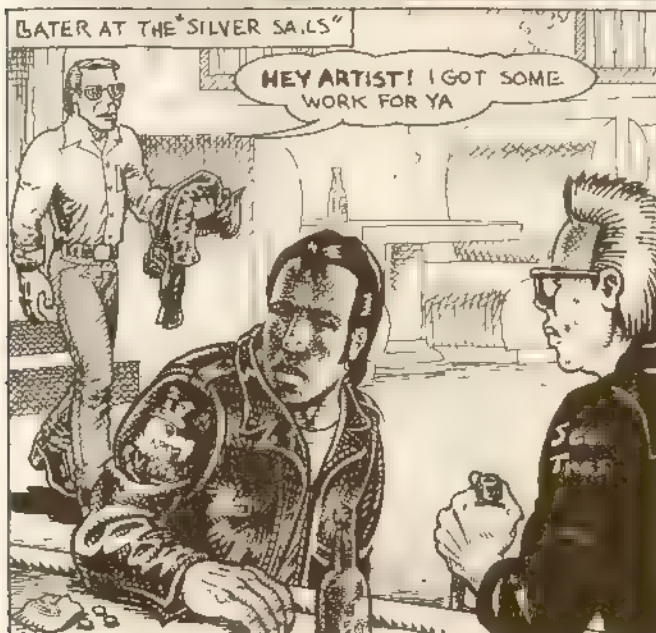



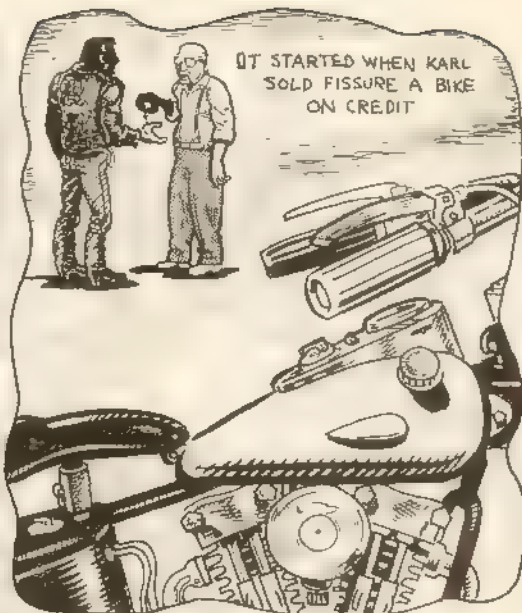
FISSURE'S JACKET

FREE
NEW MOTORCYCLE
JACKET IN
EXCHANGE FOR
ANY ROAD VULTURE
JACKET.



LATER AT THE "SILVER SALS"



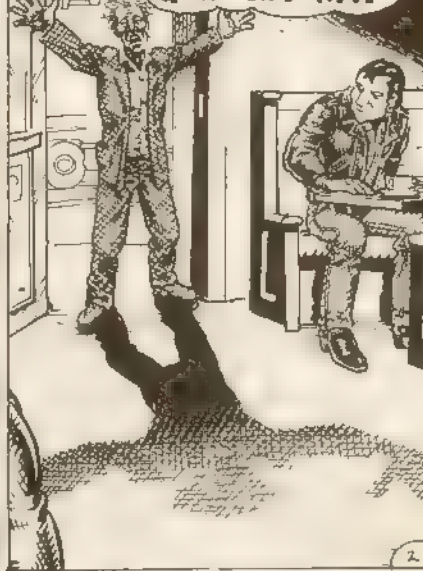


ONE DAY WE WERE ALL SITTING AROUND ANN'S COFFEE SHOP CRAZY TOMMY WAS SINGING AT THE TOP

OF HIS LUNGS OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF NORTH TONAWANDA. YOU COULD HEAR HIM GETTING CLOSER

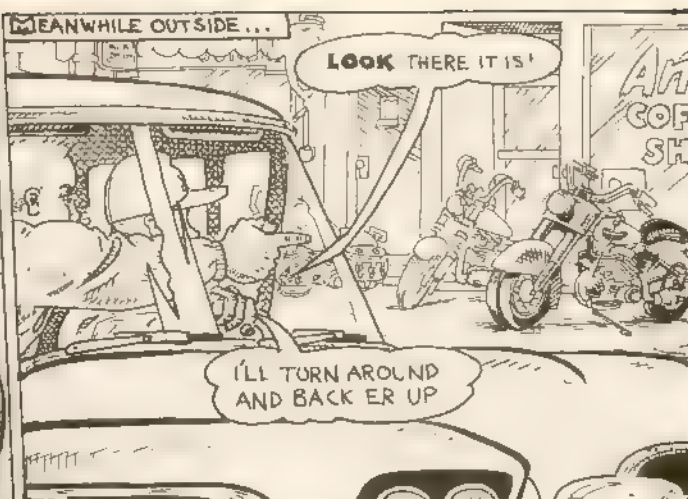


UNTIL... EVERYTHING'S GOIN' MY WAY





AY FISSURE! THERE'S
A COUPLE OF GUYS
IN A PICK UP TRUCK
DOWN ON WEBSTER
STREET ASKING
ABOUT YOU



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE...

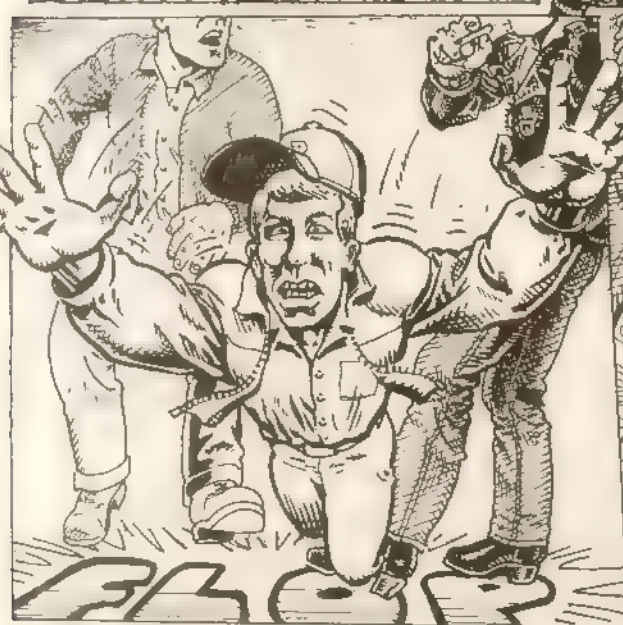
LOOK THERE IT IS!

I'LL TURN AROUND
AND BACK ER UP

I THINK IT SHOULD MAKE IT
THROUGH THE BACK DOOR



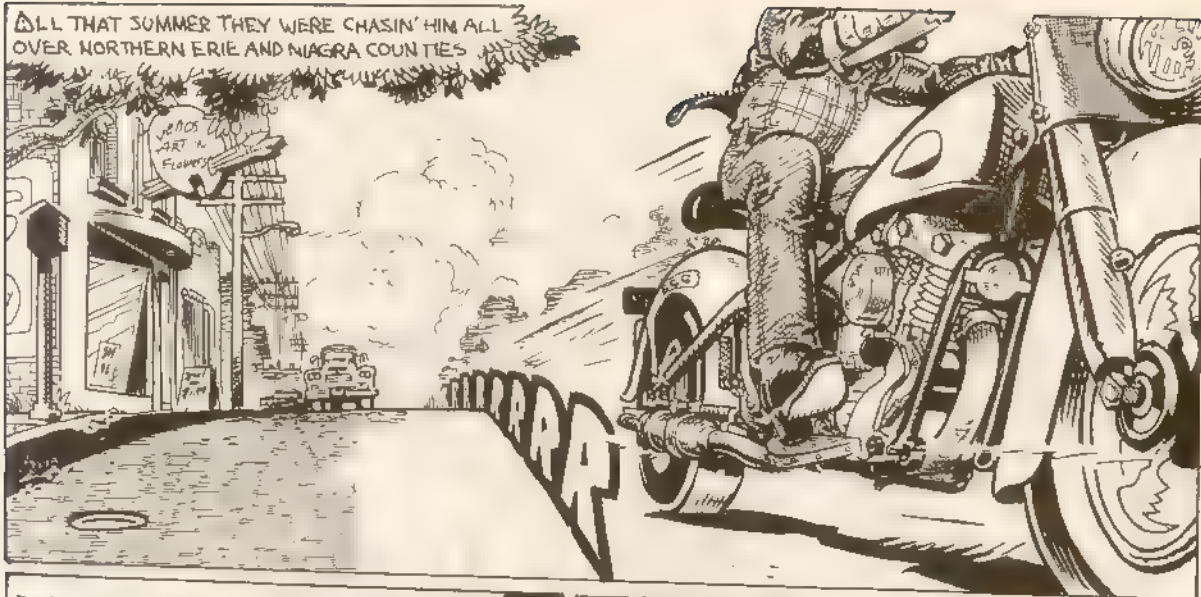
DID YA SEE THAT?
THEY PULLED THE BIKE
INTO THAT LUNCHEONETTE



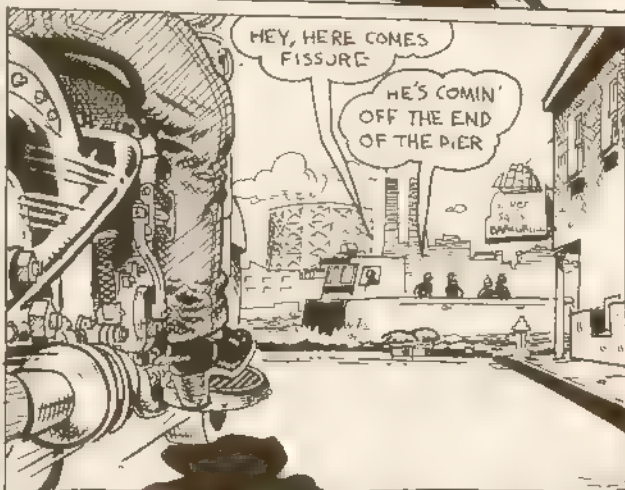
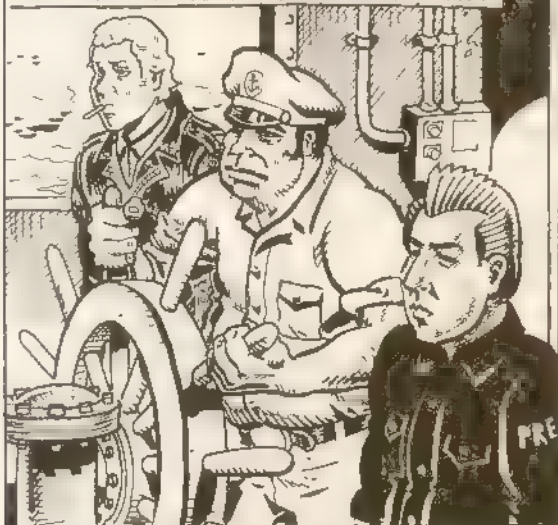
WHU... YOU DID
THAT ON PURPOSE!!

LET'S JUST
GET OTTA HERE

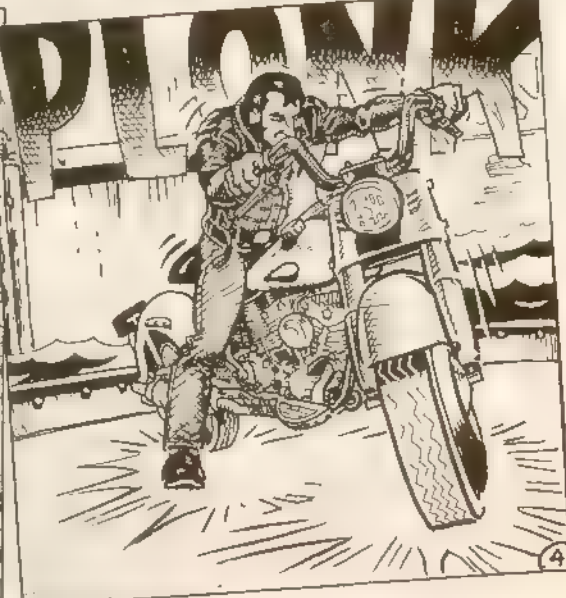
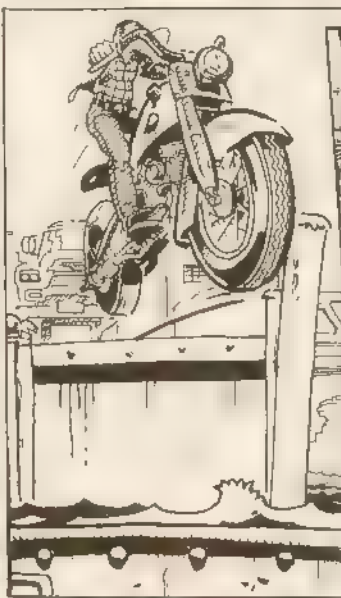
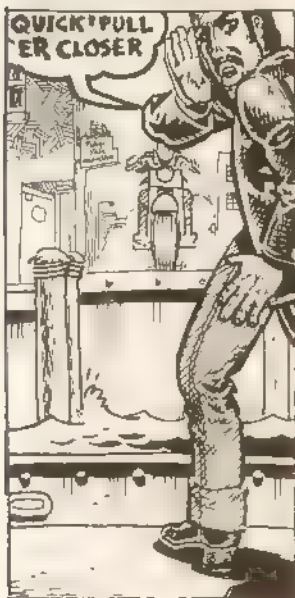
ALL THAT SUMMER THEY WERE CHASIN' HIM ALL
OVER NORTHERN ERIE AND NIAGRA COUNTIES



BACK THEN WE HAD THE ROAD VULTURE NAVY



TONAWANDA PETE BOUGHT THIS OLD GARBAGE SCOW.
HE USED TO ANCHOR IT AT THE PIER OUTSIDE HERE





SOME TIME AFTERWARD

I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO NOW
MOM WILL BE HOME SOON



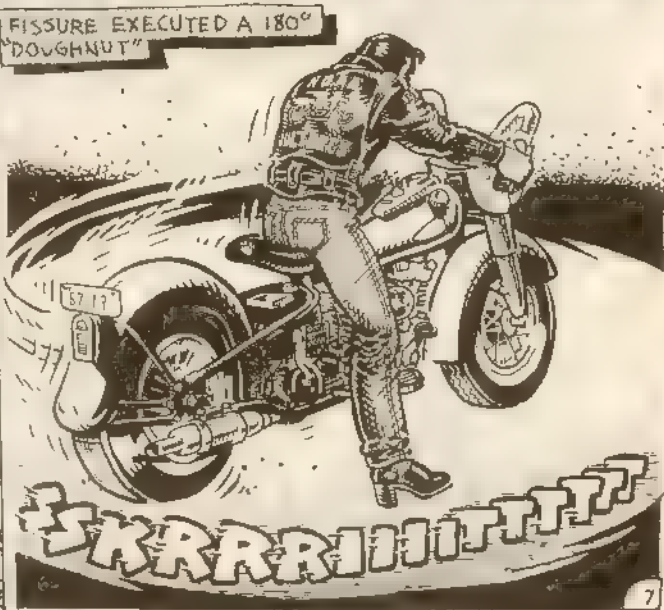
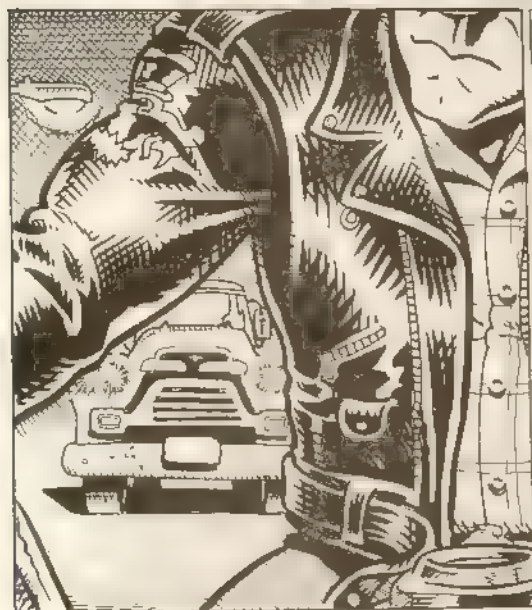
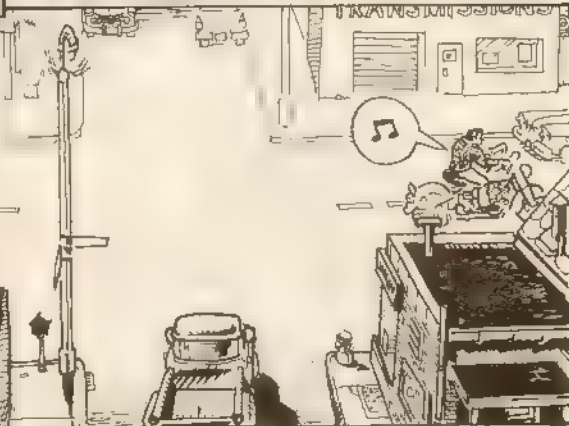
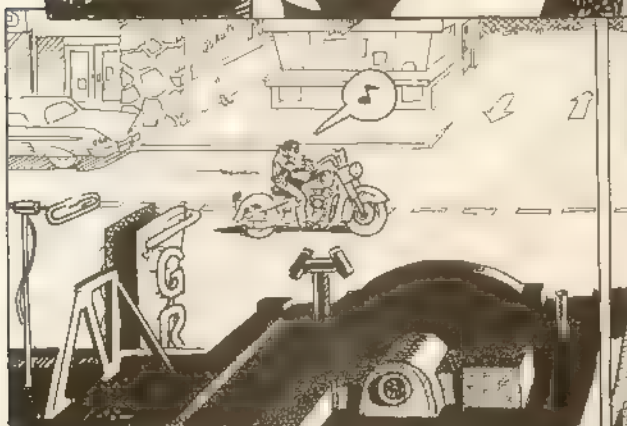
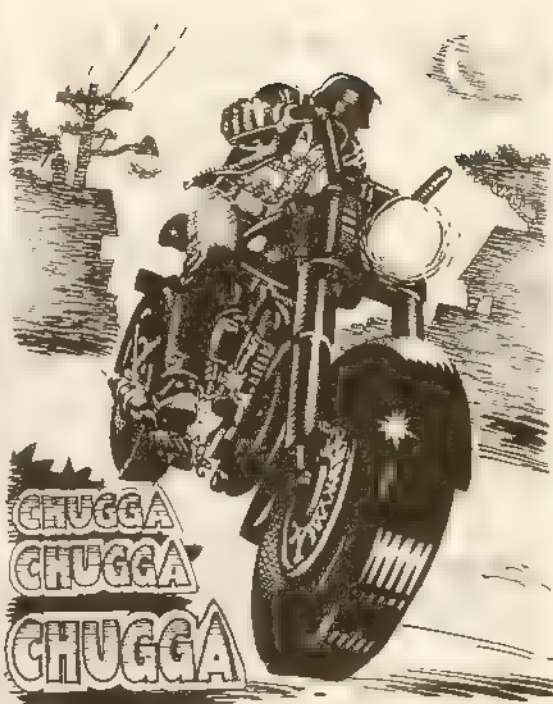
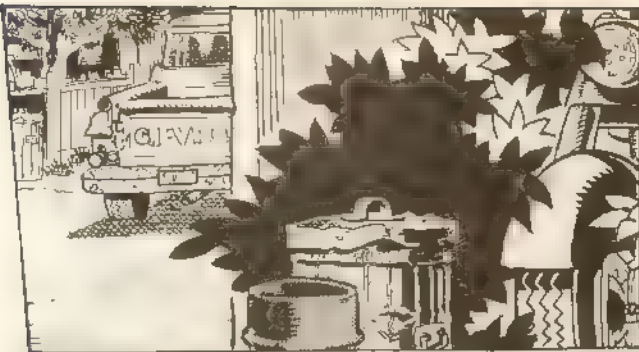


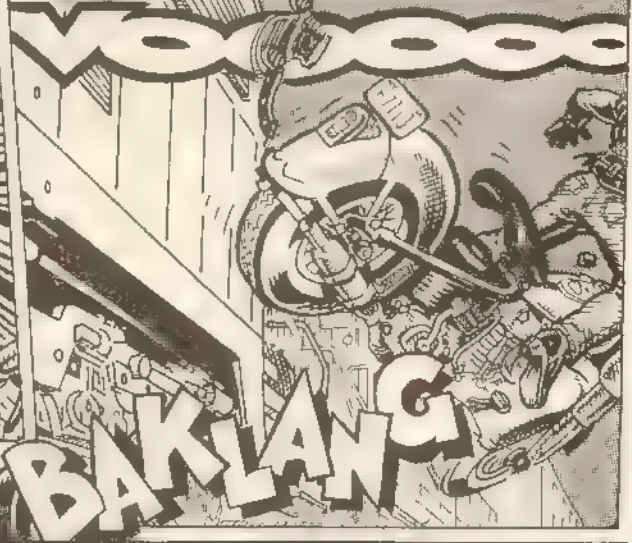
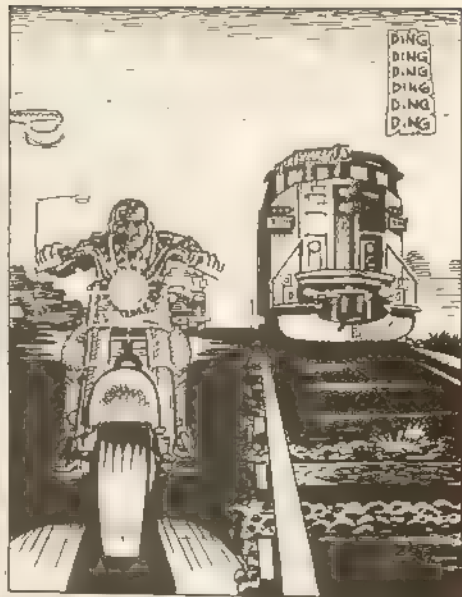
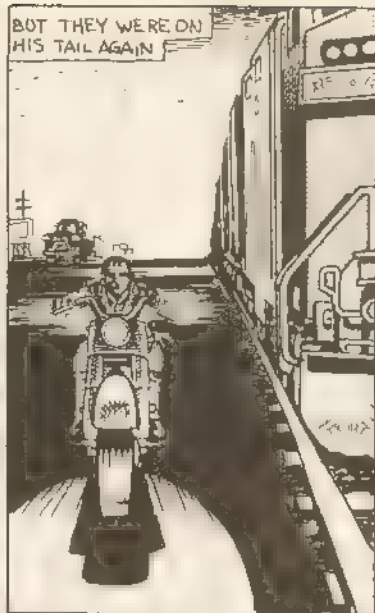
BUT FISSURE WAS ALWAYS MOST DANGEROUS ON THE GROUND

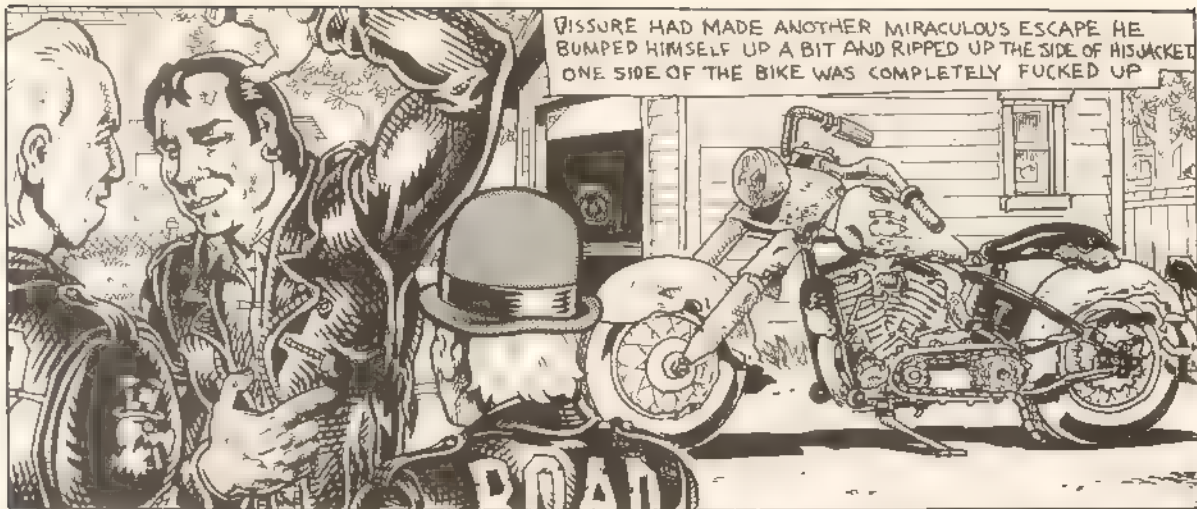


IF YOU GET MUGGED GRAB ON TO SOMETHING, ANYTHING ... AND DON'T LET GO



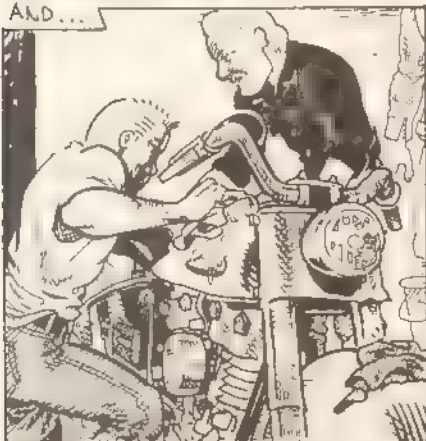






FISSURE HAD MADE ANOTHER MIRACULOUS ESCAPE HE BUMPED HIMSELF UP A BIT AND RIPPED UP THE SIDE OF HIS JACKET. ONE SIDE OF THE BIKE WAS COMPLETELY FUCKED UP

BUT THE OTHER SIDE WAS ALMOST LIKE NEW SO WE SHINED IT UP AND...



...LEFT IT SITTING IN FRONT OF ANN'S COFFEE SHOP



FREE

NEW MOTORCYCLE
JACKET IN
EXCHANGE FOR
ANY ROAD VULTURE
JACKET

MARL WAS SO PISSED THAT HE STARTED GIVING FREE JACKETS TO ANY ROAD VULTURE JUST SO HE COULD GET OFF BY BURNING OUR JACKETS. THEN JACK SAID, I

IF THAT OLD FOOL WANTS TO PROVIDE US ALL WITH NEW JACKETS, LET I'M



AND FISSURE IS STILL "SHOWING CLASS" BY WEARIN' HIS OLD RIPPED UP COLORS

THE END

"BARK ALL
YOU WANT,
YOU CAN'T
BITE ME
NOW"

A SHAGGY FISH STORY

SO, UH, UH, DIG IT, THIS IS A JOKE
I HEARD WHEN I WAS A KID... THERE'S
THIS KID WHO WANTS TO FUCK HIS
MOTHER, AND, UH, UH, HIS MOTHER
SEZ, "NO, JUNIOR, YOU CAN'T FUCK
YOUR MOTHER...IT'S JUST NOT
DONE!" BUT, UH, UH, TH' KID

WONT TAKE
NO FOR
AN ANS-
WER, SO,
UH, UH,

SNICKER
CHORTLE

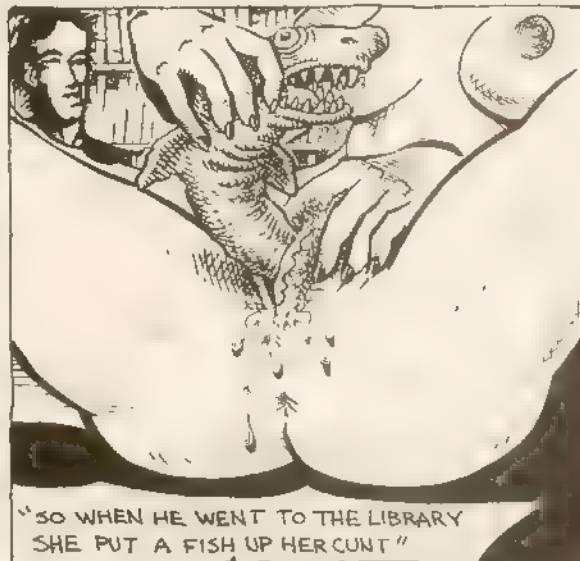
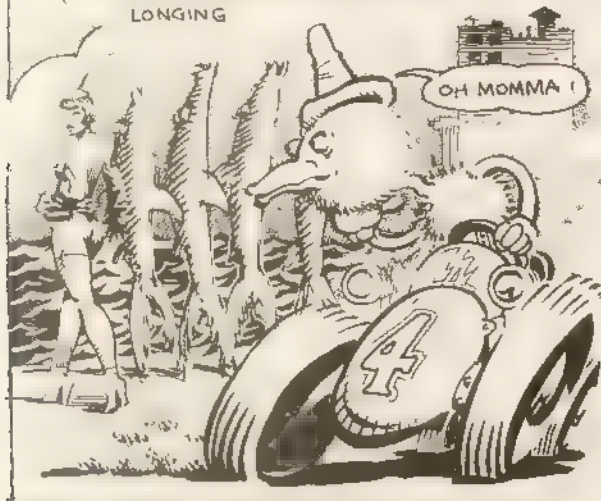
.... A GLARING EXAMPLE OF
PATRIARCHAL STEREOTYPING WITH
DISTURBING OEDIPAL OVERTONES.
THE FISH REFERENCES ARE ES-
PECIALLY GALLING.



SO, AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF BADGERING,
THE MOM FINALLY CONSENTS TO FUCK
THE KID, BUT SHE TELLS HIM TO GO TO
THE LIBRARY.



THIS INFANTILE FOLKLORE CARRIES
REPPRESSED IDEATION OF FORBIDDEN
LONGING



HE FUCKS HIS MOM AND THE FISH BITES HIS DICK...



IN HIS LATER LIFE HE'S STILL TRAUMATIZED BY HIS EARLIER EXPERIENCES WITH HIS MOTHER, SO WHEN HE GETS MARRIED HE REFUSES TO HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH HIS WIFE.



SO, ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT HE CONVINCED MAUREEN (HER NAME WAS FORMERLY MORREY) TO CONSUMMATE MARRIAGE WEARING A BLINDFOLD. THIS RUSE WAS USED TO SLIP IN A SEXUAL SUBSTITUTE, BUT HIS SURROGATE BECAME SO FASCINATED WITH THE BRIDE'S HALF SCHLONG THAT HE SHARED THE EXPERIENCE WITH HIS PET TROPICAL BEAVER FISH.



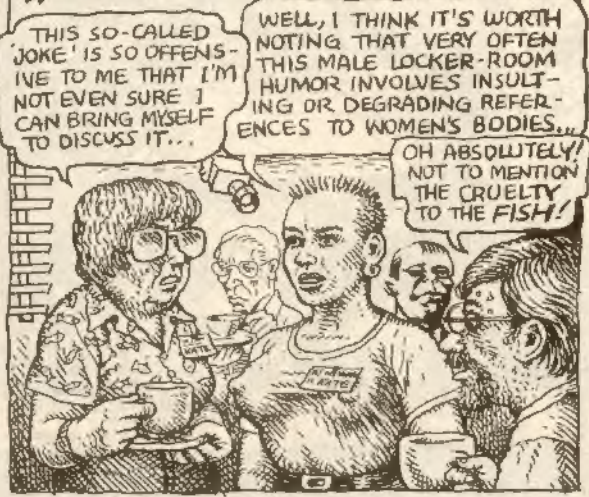
IF YOU DON'T FUCK ME I'M LEAVING!

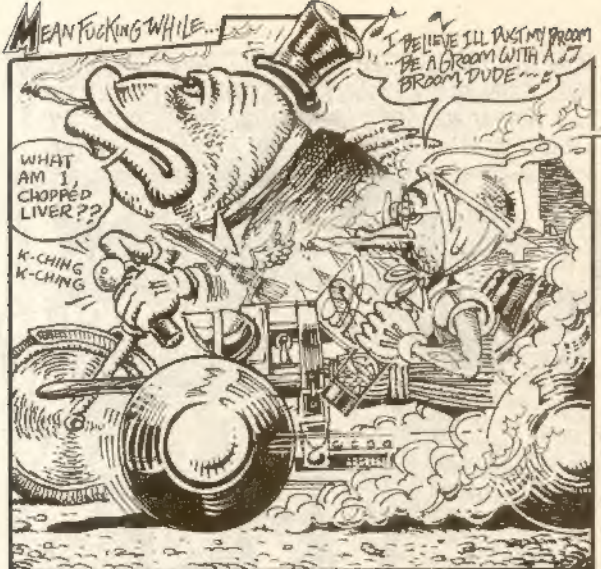


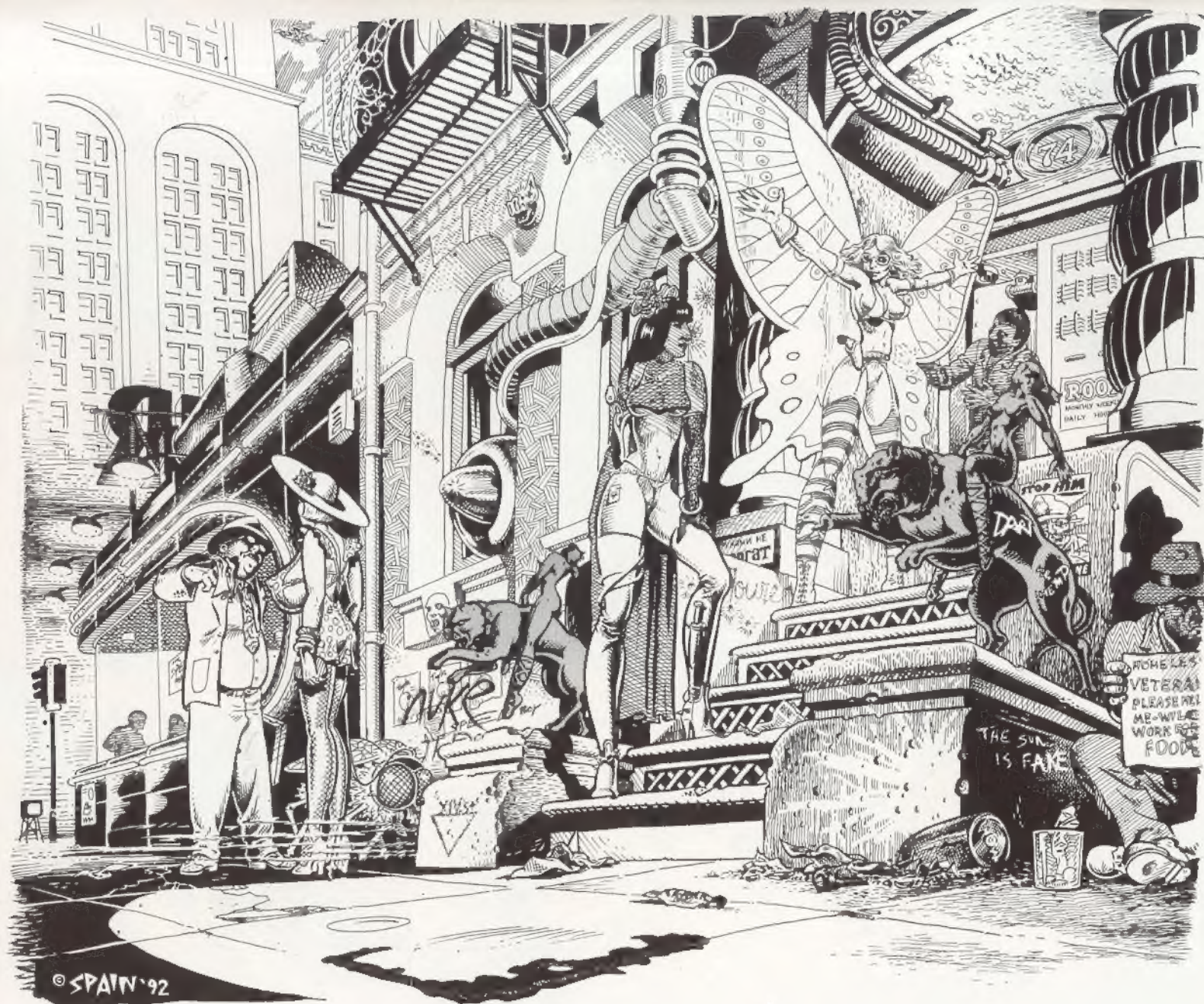
"SO HE SAID- O.K. I'LL FUCK YOU BUT YOU GOT TO GET UP ON THE KITCHEN TABLE AND CLOSE YOUR EYES SO SHE GETS UP ON THE TABLE..."



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SYMPOSIUM...







ADULTS ONLY

\$2.95

